

The

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Leatherneck

v. 27, no. 3

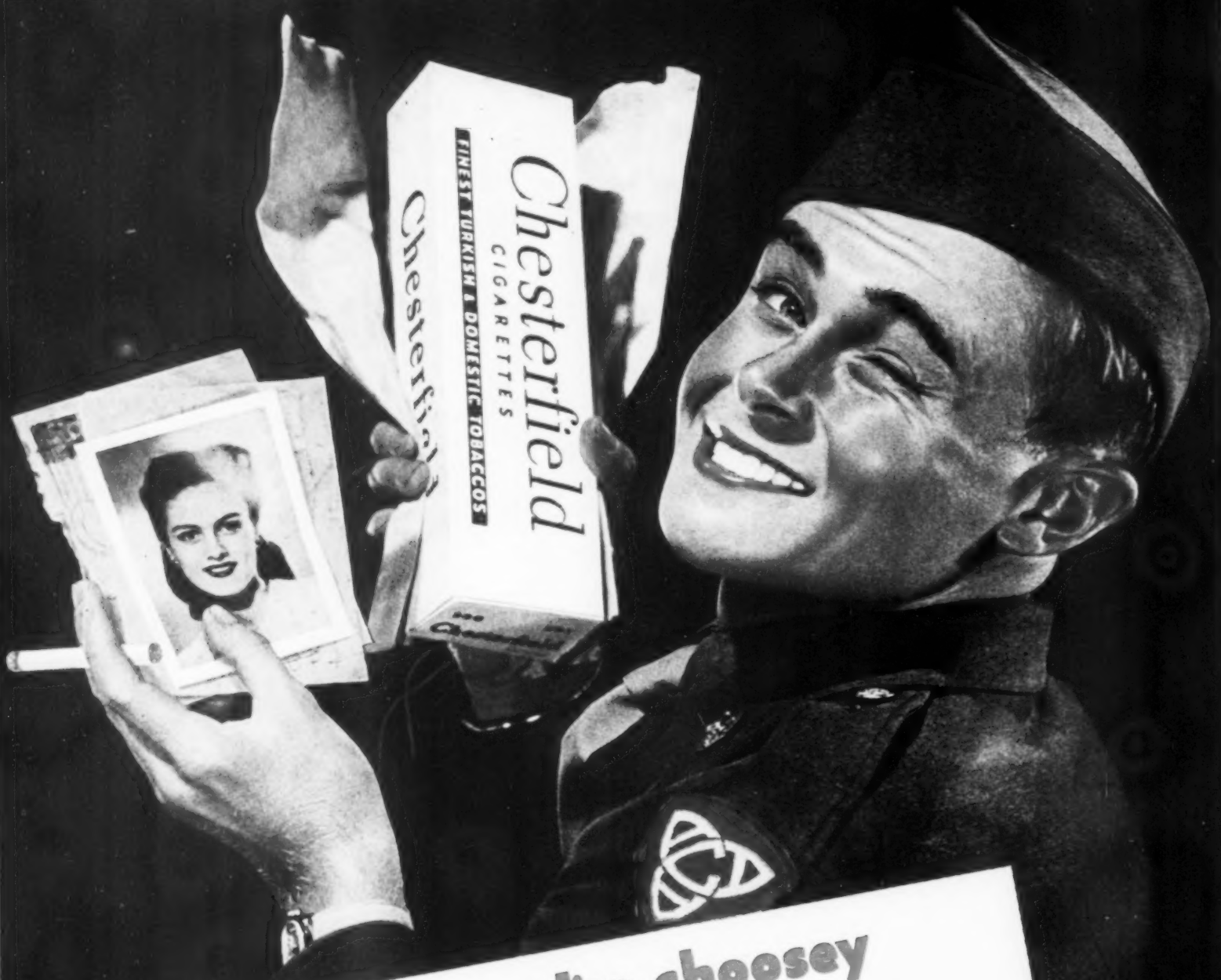


Vandegrift
The Man

John Edgar
Hoover

Radio Entertains
A Marine Hero

FEBRUARY
25c



... she knows I'm choosy

... and so are all Chesterfield smokers. They've caught on to the Milder Better-Tasting cigarette that really Satisfies ... and nothing else will do.

They expect more smoking pleasure, and Chesterfield gives it to them every time ... yes, every time, with the Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

CHESTERFIELD

They Satisfy



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Over the Editor's Shoulder



ABOUT DETACHMENTS

WITH this issue The Leatherneck departs from a tradition of many years standing. As you read through the last half of the magazine you probably will notice that news of the various Marine Corps detachments no longer is being carried as a separate department.

In past years, when there were considerably fewer Marine bases and the Corps was much smaller, this department made up much of the editorial content of the magazine. Now, with the number of bases so increased, we find it impossible to keep news from all of them in one department. It becomes a task of selection, and also of presenting news from your base in a way that will interest all Marines. The best items will continue to appear as separate stories and features. Our writers and photographers will be frequent visitors at all bases and we hope to make our coverage more extensive than ever before.

The title of the department WE, THE MARINES is being retained to include smaller items of general and humorous interest.

STORY AND LETTER

On page 64 of this issue appears the short story judged by our editorial staff to be the best of those submitted during the first month of the short story contest announced in November, 1943.

We hope enough good short stories come in each month from enlisted Marines so that this contest can continue. A \$50 war bond is the prize.

Although a \$25 war bond was offered for the best true experience letter received from an enlisted man, so far none suitable for publication have been received. We're still hoping. The letters can be about experiences of Marines anywhere, as long as they're interesting and as long as they're true.

NEW MAGAZINE SECTION

By authority of the Commandant, a magazine section has been set up in the Historical Division at Marine Corps Headquarters to encourage and expedite writing and publication of articles of current interest by commissioned and enlisted personnel of the Corps.

Articles of sufficient merit will be cleared for security and submitted to general and service magazines. Any fees will be sent directly to the author.

Marines submitting material should have something to say and some aptitude for saying it. All material must be compatible with facts and in good taste. Controversial subjects should be avoided. Some stories can be told better in fiction than in straight articles, which is all right if it's publishable fiction.

It is hoped that both Marines who have experience in writing and those who are inexperienced but have definite talent will submit material. Stories and articles should be sent to Officer in Charge, Magazine Section of Historical Division, U. S. Marine Corps Headquarters, Washington 25, D. C.



"Look; Elaine, Donald has his mother's eyes." "Yes—and his father's '5 o'clock Shadow'!"



"Aren't they wonderful together! She wouldn't look at him 'til he started using Gem Blades."

Hum-m-m. Well we don't guarantee that Gem Singledge Blades will make you an Adonis. But we do insist they will put your face at its very best.

Gem's super-keen, deep wedge-edge gets whiskers at the base—positively prevents "5 o'clock Shadow." Try Gem today!



Avoid '5 o'clock Shadow' with

GEM BLADE

Gem



Sound Off



ABOUT FACE

Sirs:

Have a second look at page 28, December LEATHERNECK. Is PFC Wally Drew wearing his sharpshooter medal on the right hand side of his uniform or do our eyes deceive us?

PFC Walter J. Liana,
PFC Leo E. Papizynski,
PFC Harry W. Collins,
Pvt. Richard F. Orrin,
Pvt. E. G. Miller,
Pvt. John J. Krioski, Jr.,
Pvt. Herbert Recter,

Naval Supply Depot,
Mechanicsburg, Pa.

• Yes, Marines' sharp eyes are deceived because pictures do lie. Readers familiar with darkroom procedure will realize negative was reversed in printing. See picture correctly printed.—Eds.



AVIATION

Sirs:

Your article "Scared Gunner" (Dec.) interested me very much because I also enlisted as Aviation Cadet from the ranks of the regular Marine Corps. How about a separate department in our magazine for Marine Aviation?

Theodore K. Thomas,
AvCad, USNR.

U. S. Navy Pre-Flight School,
Chapel Hill, N. C.

• LEATHERNECK plans to give increasing attention to Marine aviation in line with the growth of aviation in the Corps. However, it is patently impossible, because of space limitations, to establish separate departments for each branch of the Corps.—Eds.

BOMBSHELL

Sirs:

A boot in the present class undergoing indoctrination at the Women's Reserve schools here evidently has a misconception of the true meaning of "By your leave, Sir." She thought it was "By your leaf, Sir"—evidently thinking of a major. She passed a Marine Gunner the other day. Imagine his surprise when she said: "By your bursting bombshell, Sir!"

Sgt. T. Beau John.

Camp Lejeune,
New River, N. C.

JOB SWAP

Sirs:

We have just finished reading your articles on "Boot Camp For Women" and we'd like to say that if the DI's drilling them ever get tired of their job, we'd like to change places with them. First of all, though, we have a job to do over here. Since we came to the Southwest Pacific before the Women's Reserve was organized, we have never seen any, but we feel confident they couldn't be any harder to train than boots at PI or Dago.

Sgt. A. J. (The Wop) Limanni,
Corp. W. H. (Goodie) Goodale,
PFC J. W. (Rip) Collins,
PFC X. L. (Danny) Danbeck,
Pvt. E. C. (Connie) Conwell,
Pvt. J. M. (Sparrow) Denning.

Southwest Pacific.

The Leatherneck



ON THE COVER

Our February cover is a water color of the Commandant, Lieutenant General Alexander Archer Vandegrift.

In painting this cover, staff artist PFC Harold Koskinen worked from a photograph of General Vandegrift, taken by a Marine Corps photographer somewhere in the South Pacific.



**MARINES ARE SMART
—THEY STOP "B.O." THE WAY I DO!**



Why Lifebuoy is the favorite bath soap with the men in the Armed Forces

• When you go into action against dirt, grime and sweat with Lifebuoy, you've got the situation well in hand! Lifebuoy's special purifying lather does a grand clean-up job . . . leaves you feeling extra fresh and clean. What's more Lifebuoy is the only soap especially made to stop "B.O." So play safe and use Lifebuoy in your daily bath. See how refreshing Lifebuoy is, too—particularly after a tough, hard day!

Ask your PX or ship store for Lifebuoy. It's the largest selling bath soap with the men in the armed services.



USE IT DAILY



How Old Gold Won a Million New Friends



1941... Old Gold was a popular cigarette...

That was back when you could get all those big, juicy steaks! But Old Gold was determined to be even more popular by making an even better cigarette.



1942... "Something new has been added"

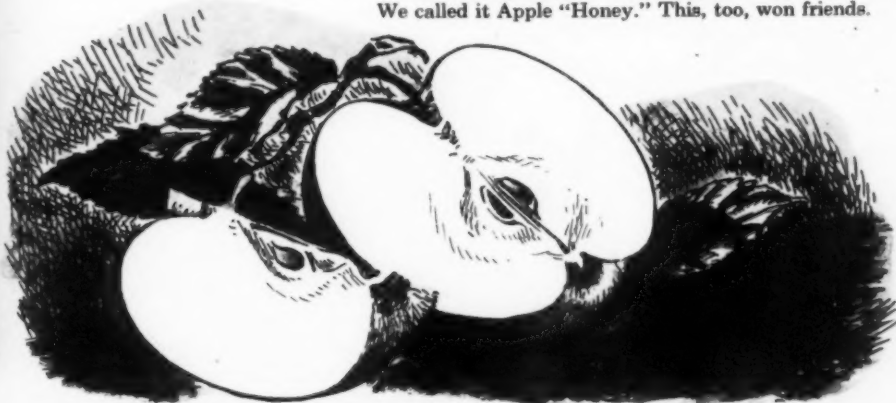
At this time Old Gold was telling smokers about the addition of Latakia, a fine imported tobacco with a rich flavor. The improved taste won many new friends.



P. Lorillard Company—Established 1760

1943... Apple "Honey" for freshness!

This was sprayed on the tobaccos to help retain moisture. It was developed by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. We called it Apple "Honey." This, too, won friends.



*Today... the fastest growing major cigarette**

*Old Gold sales have nearly tripled in 3 years.

Buy more War Bonds than you think you can afford!

LISTEN TO: Monty Woolley and Sammy Kaye's Orchestra, Wednesdays, CBS Network; Bob Crosby and His Orchestra, Sunday Evenings, NBC Network.

cool shaves

help control
incendiary stings!



Ingram's helps condition your skin for smooth shaving
while it's wilting your wiry whiskers!

ON THE home front—and the fighting front—wherever shaving terror strikes—it's Ingram's Shaving Cream to the rescue! For Ingram's means cool, cool shaves . . . shaves that bring comfort and satisfaction to your fiery cheek and chin.

Ingram's swings into action without delay—bubbles into a rich, creamy lather—helps wilt even bristly beards in short order. Your razor fairly double-times through the stub-

ble. And all the while you're shaving, that cool Ingram's lather helps to refresh your face—helps to condition it for smooth shaving.

Team up your razor with Ingram's and enjoy the coolness that's "GI" with this famous shaving cream. And you'll keep on enjoying that Arctic feeling after you're finished shaving—for it lasts and lasts.

Ask for Ingram's—in your pick of jar or tube—at your Post Exchange or the nearest drug store.



IN JAR OR TUBE
INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM



Product of Bristol-Myers

SOUND OFF — Continued from page 2

WOMEN

Sirs:

I frequently see reference in the press as I did in your November issue that the present Women's Reserve is the first in the Corps. What of the women in the Corps during World War I? It's true they were not called Marines, but a rose by any other name, etc.

Ernest E. Akins,
Ex-Sgt. USMC.

P. O. Box 373,
Kosciusko, Miss.

•During World War I, 305 women were enrolled in what the Marine Corps officially referred to as Reservists (Female). Popularly known as Marinettes, they served in clerical capacity and as telephone operators primarily at Marine Headquarters in Washington. They received equal pay in rank with the men, the highest rank held by a woman being that of sergeant. They were honorably discharged soon after the close of the war.—Eds.

BEARD OR GOATEE

Sirs:

I would like to know what the regulations are for raising a beard or goatee. Some fellows say that the Marine Corps regulations say we aren't allowed. In one of The LEATHERNECK issues it showed Lou Diamond with a goatee. I would like to settle an argument with a fellow over this.

PFC Elias Kreel.

Camp LeJeune,
New River, N. C.

• Naval regulations appear to be rather hazy on the question. Article 1319 (2), Naval Regulations, provides that: "hair and beard shall be kept short". What may be considered "short" on Guadalcanal, may not be considered "short" at New River. Furthermore, when PFC Kreel has put in as many years as Master Gunner Sergeant Lou Diamond he, too, may find regulations interpreted leniently in his case.—Eds.

UNIFORM



Sirs:

I recently saw a sight in New York City which befuddled, confused and bewildered me:

A young man who had on Marine Corps dress blue trousers, complete with NCO stripe, but without the necessary rank on his sleeves to denote warranting these stripes. He had on an enlisted man's blouse (dress blue) with a laydown collar similar to our greens. His lapels were bedecked with miniature gold ornaments of the type on our dress blue collars. His white enlisted man's cap had a gold cap ornament denoting that he was in the ranks, but he had a dashing Sam-Browne belt draped across his chest. There was no indication I could see showing he was an officer, other than the Sam-Browne belt.

Do you think he might be one of those uniform-happy birds gone berserk in a uniform shop?

Sgt. A. B. Dilley.

Ward F-8, Naval Hospital,
St. Albans, Long Island, N. Y.

• You've got us. Maybe he was a Radio City usher.—Eds.

PROUD CORPSMAN

Sirs:

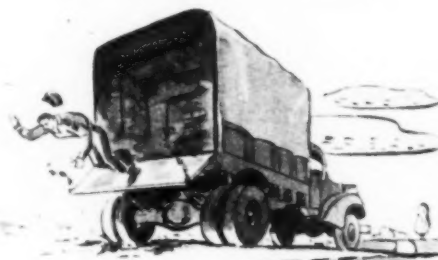
In recent issues of your magazine Marines have paid high tribute to Navy Corpsmen who serve with them.

I am sure I speak for all Corpsmen who were in action with Marines when I say we are proud to have served with "The Fighting Leathernecks".

R. J. Ferguson, PhM 1/c.

Hospital Corps School,
Portsmouth, Va.

How Accidents Claim MARINES' LIVES



End gates of trucks are not observation platforms.
Men have fallen to their death when chain broke.



GUNG HO!

... the Story of Carlson's Makin Island Raiders!

The Marines have landed and great drama is now at hand!

Gung Ho! That's the battle-cry of the Marine Raiders ... the battle-cry of victory ... the battle-cry of action and thrills.

Gung Ho! That's the saga of the first Marines to notch their guns with victory over the Rising Sun ...

Gung Ho! That's the beginning of the end for the Sons of Heaven and the Sinking Sun of the Nipponese Empire ...

Gung Ho! Here are men you know ... boys you love ... your kind of people ... living, loving, laughing, fighting ...

Here is action that supercharges the blood.

Here are thrills that raise the hair on your head. Here is a man-to-man story of men and boys who love like you and I ... live like you and I ... fight like blazes and go back for more ...

Here is the brilliant, tight-as-a-drum, never-before-told story of the fighting Marine Raiders ... first to make the Japs taste the bitterness of defeat.

Here, in a few words ... is the picture we've been waiting for ... the dramatic, fiery, smashing, drama of America on the move ...

Gung Ho! ... the glory picture of Uncle Sam's boys who are first to fight ... proving once again that a Marine may be down but he's never out!

Walter Wanger

presents

GUNG HO!

with

RANDOLPH SCOTT

and

NOAH BEERY, Jr. • ALAN CURTIS

Peter Coe • David Bruce

Sam Levene • J. Carrol Naish

Richard Lane • Milburn Stone

and GRACE McDONALD

Directed by RAY ENRIGHT

Produced by WALTER WANGER

Gung Ho!

THE GLORY STORY OF THE MARINE RAIDERS!

a Universal Picture

Screen Play by Lucien Hubbard

Based on the factual story "GUNG HO" by Lt. W. S. Le Francois, U.S.M.C.

Additional Dialogue by Joseph Hoffman



No knack with a Pack— but a Whiz about His Smile!

Awkward Squad or Old Campaigner, gums, too, need care. Let Ipana and massage help you to a smile that will find fun on leave.

THE rookie can get all his gear into his pack but he just can't make the stuff stay "put." Right now his pack has more sags than a G. I. cot. But the Sarge will give him a lift... a lift to the head of the K. P. list.

However, though the rookie has lots to learn about the Marine Corps, he's a

"vet" about the care of his smile. For he cares for his gums as well as his teeth.

He knows today's well-cooked foods don't give gums all the exercise they need. Sometimes, gums get flabby, sensitive, and a good way to help them to firmer health, is to use what so many dentists call "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

When you brush your teeth with Ipana—massage a little more of it along your gums. Ipana and massage is the order of the day for sparkling teeth, firmer gums, a brighter smile. Get Ipana at your PX or drug store.

Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA



AND MASSAGE

SOUND OFF—Continued from page 4

"SNOW JOB"

Sirs:

I was a PFC in World War I. Day after the excitement at Pearl Harbor I went to the recruiting station to enlist in the Marine Corps. I went into the office and said: "Good Morning, Sergeant." He said: "Good Morning, Old Man, what are you peddling this morning, peanuts or apples?" I said: "Neither one, I want to enlist." He said: "Run along old feller we are not taking old men. This is a young man's war." Nothing for me to do but go.

Well, I went back in about a month and there was an older sergeant in charge. I told him I was an ex-Marine and wanted to enlist and could they use any old timers. He said: "Yes, the Colonel is here and he is taking in a few old ones." So the Sergeant began to ask my life history and finally he asked me what was my favorite sport?

I said: "Shooting bullfrogs at night with a .22 rifle."

The Colonel heard that and said: "Pass that man on to me." Then he asked me: "How do you do that? You must have a good light."

I said: "No Sir, I have three trained Lightning Bugs that I caught. I put them in a bird cage and fed them and they got to be real pets. They go to the hog-lot with me at night to feed, one on each shoulder and one on my hat. In fact they go with me to the frog pond. I sit on the bank and they fly out over the water and light up over a frog and then I shoot."

The Colonel said: "Hmmm, very interesting. How many did you shoot when they lit up?" Well, he got me there. I did not know just how to answer that. If I told him three, he might think I was telling him a lie, so I said: "Two, Sir."

I guess I answered wrong because the Colonel said: "Take this man, Sergeant, and reject him. We haven't got time to teach these old duffers how to shoot." There I was; turned down again. Nothing to do but go back home and feed my lightning bugs.

Well anyway, I used to be with a good outfit. I was overseas with Co. L, 3rd Bat., 13th Reg. USMC. If you don't believe me

just ask Colonel John Potts, who was a Major then, and Captain Howard Stent. Well, I guess this will be all for this time.

Bernard (Barney) J. Gantt.

1211 So. Main St.,
Fort Worth, Texas.

** We think the Recruiting Colonel did right. Any man who can't hit three bullfrogs at night with a .22 when he has lightning bugs for searchlights, doesn't belong in the Marine Corps. Come again, Barney, we like your shooting even if you didn't make "Expert" with the Colonel.—Eds.*

ADVERTISERS PLEASE NOTE

Sirs:

Isn't it about time that the advertisers in LEATHERNECK give a little more thought to their ads which are to be read by Marines. We open up our LEATHERNECK and there we find a fine collection of Sailors, Soldiers, and Air Corps Cadets staring at us from ads for everything from bullets to toothpaste. With the new LEATHERNECK, why not get these advertisers straightened out? Nothing of the above applies to Raleigh's ad in the November issue, Page 8. They're really in there pitching!

1st Sgt. Francis J. Murtagh.

M. B., U. S. Naval Air Station,
South Weymouth, Mass.

** The Editors agree with 1st Sgt. Murtagh that Raleigh's "Eye-Opener" is much easier to look at, and no doubt could sell any product with far less sales-resistance from Marines than any "fine collection of Sailors, Soldiers and Air Corps Cadets."*



Who Th' Hell Said "Contact"?



"Dad writes he sure envies us, getting all the Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish we want"

48

THE ENTIRE PRODUCTION OF DYANSHINE LIQUID SHOE POLISH IS NOW BEING SHIPPED TO OUR ARMED FORCES

We've Been Reading Their Mail!

What do servicemen think about? Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish for one thing—they bombard us with letters about their favorite shoe polish, with statements like these:

"I sort of depend on Dyanshine now, especially for inspection."

"I have a pair of regular issue shoes

about 8 months old and have used Dyanshine on them at all times—they really shine better than the day they left the factory."

Yes, Dyanshine is easy on the leather as well as easy to apply. And it makes no difference whether the shoes are Government Issue or "store" variety, it keeps them looking bright and clean under severest usage.

DYANSHINE *Liquid* **SHOE POLISH**
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



To Those Who Prefer Paste Shoe Polish
Dyanshine Paste is available in Military Brown, Cordovan, Russet Tan, Oxblood, and Black. Packed in convenient wide-mouthed, 4-oz. jars.

BARTON MANUFACTURING CO.
4157 N. KINGS HIGHWAY
ST. LOUIS, MO.



A private first class, name of Jevens
With the girls was at sixes and sevens.
He was popular—not,
Till Vitalis he got—
Now his leaves are all seventh heavens!

For Hair with Snap and Smartness — Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"!

MAYBE you don't think girls look at their leatherneck's hair. But get that "here's the mop, where's the bucket" look and you might as well spend your leaves back in the barracks. Keep your hair a handsome asset, mister, with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

Simply massage Vitalis vigorously on your scalp. That lively tingle you feel is a signal that circulation is speed-

ing up in your scalp. But that's not all, leatherneck—the Vitalis massage gives your hair a better chance against the damage of sun, water or perspiration.

After you comb your hair, it stays neatly in place—has a natural lustre. For well-groomed hair that helps put you over, start your Vitalis "60-Second Workouts" today. At any drug store or Post Exchange.

Product of Bristol-Myers

VITALIS

UNDER WARTIME CONDITIONS

Warime Vitalis is made under government restrictions that affect most products today. But you get *all three* benefits from Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout". (1) Keeps hair well-groomed (2) helps rout loose dandruff and (3) helps prevent excessive falling hair.



SOUND OFF—continued

EDSON & BAILEY

Sirs:

Your article, the 168th Year (LEATHERNECK, Nov. 1943), stated that Col. Merritt A. Edson "won the Navy Cross for his command of the First Marine Raiders." For the Battle of Lunga Ridge, Sept. 13-14, 1942, Colonel Edson was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Hal Bergman, in his mention of Marine heroes, left out one of the greatest Jap fighters that ever lived: Major Kenneth D. Bailey, my company commander in the First Raiders, who won the Congressional Medal of Honor for action in the same Battle of Lunga Ridge. He was killed three weeks later in the Third Battle of the Matanikau River, and the Medal of Honor was awarded posthumously.

Major Bailey was not only a great Jap fighter. He was a great man and a great leader in the eyes of the men under him, and he was admired by all. He was wounded when we stormed Tulagi Aug. 7, and sent to a Naval hospital. He came back to Guadalcanal on September 12; just in time to save Lunga Ridge, which was the saving of Henderson Field, which in turn, was the saving of Guadalcanal.

PFC Elton Whisenhunt.

Marine Barracks,
Cuddihy Field,
Corpus Christi, Texas.

• Although Brig. Gen. Edson was first awarded the Navy Cross for his Lunga Ridge action, this was later withdrawn and the Congressional Medal of Honor substituted. He holds the Navy Cross for "extraordinary heroism" in Nicaragua on 7 Aug. 1928. PFC Whisenhunt is justified in calling attention to the record of the late, great Major Bailey. Lack of space prevented mention of all of The 168th Year's heroes.—Eds.



NANCY LEE

Sirs:

Would it be possible for THE LEATHERNECK to grant me a favor?

You see, you printed my picture in your July issue and since then I have received over three hundred letters from Marines for pictures and letters. Well, I am filling all these requests and answering all letters, but it takes some time. So would you be kind enough to print this letter to let the boys know that I haven't forgotten them, but to be just a little patient 'cause I mean to do right by all of them.

I wish to thank THE LEATHERNECK for affording me this opportunity and also the Gunners and Bombardiers of VMTB who started it all.

It's a wonderful thrill to receive such swell letters from the grandest boys in the world—may God bless each and every one today, tomorrow and always.

Gratefully,
Nancy Lee.

KID SARGE

Sirs:

Is there any sergeant in the Marine Corps younger than myself? I am 17 years old and will not be 18 until February. I have been in for months and am an aerial gunner in TBF's.

Sgt. W. G. Shea.
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.



"You Want Old Sambo To Rustle
You Up A Mint Julep, Boss?"



"Man, that's **fine** tobacco"

...that's **LUCKY STRIKE**
tobacco!

yes, LUCKY STRIKE
means fine tobacco

L.S./M.F.T.





"One Jap soldier struck a match about 75 yards in front of the lines so we would shoot and reveal our position to riflemen."



Bitter experience showed that a few natives would give out bum dope about wounded Marines then lead rescuers into Jap ambushes.

JAP TRICKERY

The sneak attack on Pearl Harbor which "will live in infamy" introduced Americans to a new type of enemy. Throughout their history Americans have been noted for their fair play both as a nation and as individuals. But from December 7, 1941 on, Americans have been learning, the hard way, that there is no honor or fair play among aggressors. American Marines, especially, have had to contend with Japanese trickery, sneaking and cruelty in the jungle terrain of the South Pacific. But Marines have learned their lessons well. "To deal with the Japs," declared 1st Lieut. James T. Conway, a Marine casualty of the South Pacific, "pull no punches, use every trick and forget you're civilized." An anonymous Marine private put it even better. "The Japs are tricky bastards," he said. "The only good Jap is a dead Jap."

On these pages, Staff Artist PFC Harold Koskinen illustrates some tricks Japs have tried on Marines. To play safe be on your guard; don't be a sucker for any Jap trickery.



To shout "Withdraw" in perfect English from the flanks or rear as the frontal attack began to develop was an oft-tried trick.



Jap fakers attack, then turn and run. When Marines follow, they throw themselves to the ground and Marines are met by fire from hidden machine guns.



Doped cigarettes and food were dropped in innocent places where Marines were expected to be travelling.



Sniper's main purpose is to harass and confuse a group by shooting at men who are not under cover.



Jap surrenders with hand grenade under each armpit. When he gets to his captors, he releases them, causing death for him and captors.



Well-known trick is to make booby trap with a hand grenade concealed in clothes of own dead.



Top trick is for three Japs to come in, hands up, to surrender. Close up one with machine gun on back, falls to ground. Other two men kneel and fire a burst.



"One Jap soldier struck a match about 75 yards in front of the lines so we would shoot and reveal our position to riflemen."



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Doped cigarettes and food were dropped in innocent places where Marines were expected to be travelling.



Sniper's main purpose is to harass and confuse a group by shooting at men who are not under cover.



Jap surrenders with hand grenade under each armpit. When he gets to his captors, he releases them, causing death for him and captors.



Well-known trick is to make booby trap with a hand grenade concealed in clothes of own dead.



Top trick is for three Japs to come in, hands up, to surrender. Close up one with machine gun on back, falls to ground. Other two men kneel and fire a burst.

SWANNY (ACE SALESMAN) BY CUNETTE



"TELL HER SWAN'S 4 SOAPS IN 1—
THAT'S NO MILITARY SECRET!"

1. Swan's swell for shower—rich, thick suds clean you fast—even after a ten-mile hike!
2. Swan's grand for face and hands—you'll rise and shine at inspection after washing with quick-sudsin' Swan!
3. Swan's a whiz for laundry—its rich suds get field maneuvers out of your clothes! Swan's firm. Lasts and lasts.
4. Swan's great for shaving—thick, creamy, mild lather gives fast, smooth shaves!



Two convenient sizes
—Large and Regular

Get hep! Get Swan!

SWAN
FLOATING SOAP

LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

TUNE IN: George Burns & Gracie Allen, Tuesday nights, CBS

the Straight Dope



Crack-of-the-Month Dept.—Movie Columnist Fred Othman, hearing that Starlet Martha O'Driscoll was going to Alaska to entertain troops with Errol Flynn, suggested that she sue Errol first and then make the trip.



"Nazis' End Seen," said a headline. That's nothing new for the Russians. That's all they've seen of the Germans for months.

A Salt Lake City man sued for divorce because his wife went to the circus last summer and hadn't returned six months later. Just another example of war time transportation, most likely.

Strip-teaser Betty Rowland in Los Angeles complained after a woman spectator stuck a lighted cigarette against her bare hip. Usually it's Betty's admirers, not Betty, who get hot and bothered.



Allied airmen wrecked a big poison gas factory in Germany but they missed that human gas plant, Goebbels.

Incidentally, the Huns spread a rumor they were digging a tunnel under the English Channel to get at Britain. My, my, what a bore!

Chronicled after the wedding of Songwriter Johnny Green: "Johnny was as nervous as if he had been making his debut, instead of his bride." Frank journalism, that.

Short story in a Santa Monica, Calif., want ad: "Diamond engagement ring lost. Owner in maternity hospital. Reward. Phone—." There's nothing like a good confession.

A Pittsburgh grocer announced he wanted to buy an army tank. He didn't say why, but we can guess—he'll use it to deliver butter to his customers.



We understand that if Sinatra goes into the army, all his admirers will go into mourning. They'll dye their bobbysocks black.

A man in the mid-west set his house on fire to get rid of his mother-in-law. Apparently his wife gave mamma a warm welcome and he gave her a hot goodbye.

A Texas newspaper reports—"Two Men Charged with Giving Whisky to 11-Year-Old Boy." They should be given a lunacy test, too, for GIVING the stuff away these days.

Officials in New Jersey discovered a big truck loaded with a farmer, his family, household furniture and one horse. The latter was gas rationing insurance, no doubt.

Solomon Island Marines sent Marlene Dietrich an invitation to visit them immediately. They said they had read where she was a good cook, too.

COLGATE CLOSE-UPS

M-M-M-M
DOUGH!



This
G.I. JOE has
DOUGH.

...CAUSE HE'S DISCOVERED THERE'S UP TO 6 WHOLE MONTHS OF SMOOTH LATHER SHAVES IN EVERY GIANT TUBE OF **COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM!** SO JOE'S IN THE DOUGH!

SOME FOAM, EH, CAP'N?
THE SKIP THINKS I'M A PIP SINCE I PUT HIM WISE TO **COLGATE LATHER**, THE CHOICE OF 2 OUT OF 3 BARBERS FOR CLOSE, COMFORTABLE, SNAG-FREE SHAVES!



SERENE Paramarines!

THESE 2 POINT LANDINGS ARE ROUGH! BUT NOT OUR FACES SINCE WE STARTED SHAVING WITH **COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM.** THE SMALL BUBBLE LATHER WITH EXTRA SOAKING POWER THAT WILTS TOUGH WHISKERS SOFT IN SECONDS!



GET

AT YOUR P. X.
OR SHIP'S SERVICE STORE

Alone with your thoughts, young fella,

No WAVE, no WAC, no SPAR?

Go get yourself this sweetie,

A POWERHOUSE candy bar!



CANDY BAR

WALTER H. JOHNSON CANDY CO., CHICAGO

INSIDE THIS CIRCLE IS GREAT PEN NEWS!



PEN, \$12.50. New Featherweight Repeater Pencil, \$6.50. Complete Set, \$19.00. In both men's and ladies' sizes.

YOUNG LADY—THIS PEN ANSWERS YOUR \$64 QUESTION!

EVERSHARP'S NEW *"Fifth Avenue"*

*WRITES DRY with quick-dry ink...needs no blotter. Writes perfectly with any ink.

THE TIP is hooded, streamlined...to protect the point. It's directional—for correct writing position.

THE POINT is as smooth as silk...makes writing fun—practically effortless.

THE NEW, IMPROVED MAGIC FEED prevents flooding or leaking—high in a plane—so at ground level, too...makes this pen write more words than any pen of equal size.

Now look above the circle. It's slender, streamlined, tailored...and perfectly balanced.

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TUNE IN "TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT" WITH PHIL BAKER—CBS—SUNDAY NIGHTS—"BUY, BUY... BUY BONDS!"

Give **EVERSHARP** and you give the finest!

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Vandegrift[★] the Man

by Corp Norman Kuhne

ON A WINDING street in Washington's Foxhall Village is a modest brick house. Ivy climbs over the porch. On the door is a brass knocker that greets the visitor with the name *Vandegrift*.

Inside the house reflects comfort, quiet, and excellent taste. Furniture, Chinese lacquerware, and soft rugs in the living room blend with a homey touch. On a desk in one corner is a small framed picture that appeared as a cover on *TIME* magazine. It's a picture of Lieutenant General Alexander Archer Vandegrift, now Commandant of the Marine Corps. He wears a steel helmet and looks rugged.

This house and this picture in a sense portray the two sides of Vandegrift the man—a hard hitting combat officer and a quiet home loving gentleman.

From this quiet home Vandegrift will soon move to the official residence of the Commandant of the Marine Corps.

The Marine Corps and General Vandegrift can thank a lucky accident that they got together in the first place. It happened some 35 years ago.

(Turn Page)





Gen. Vandegrift and his Chief of Staff, Col. Gerald Thomas, while on Guadalcanal

When he was still a young man, Vandegrift had decided upon the army as a career. This was partly due to the influence of his mother, Sarah A. Vandegrift, and partly due to the influence of his grandfather, Carson Vandegrift, who had fought as a Captain with the Confederate Armies.

Thinking the time had come to get into uniform, Vandegrift called on Senator Martin of Virginia to explore the possibilities of an appointment in the army.

"I'm sorry," Senator Martin told Vandegrift, "but all of my appointments for the army already have been made, and there are no vacancies. How about the Marine Corps? Have you ever thought about getting into the Marines?"

"The Marine Corps? Tell me about it, sir," young Vandegrift is reported to have replied.

Apparently the Senator did a good job of telling, because since that time Vandegrift has learned about the Marine Corps through first hand experience.

Men who served with General Vandegrift in the Solomons and who frequently saw him on the front lines under fire, lying concealed behind a log to confer with his officers, probably can't picture him mowing a lawn or working in a garden or doing odd jobs about his home. But in happier times there is nothing he likes to do better.

Love of home and of homeland have helped make Vandegrift the successful

combat officer that he is. Home means more, of course, than the modest house on 44th Street. There is Mrs. Vandegrift, and there is Archer, Jr., now a Lieutenant Colonel in the Marine Corps, and there is Virginia where the General was born 57 years ago come March 13.

One summer, when young Vandegrift was still a student at the University of Virginia located in his native city of Charlottesville, which he attended from 1906 to 1908, he met Mildred Strode of Lynchburg. Two years later, after Vandegrift had left Parris Island, they were married at Amherst, Virginia, near Lynchburg.

In recounting her first meeting with the General, Mrs. Vandegrift recalled that he danced well, which he still does today, and that there was an indescribable charm about his voice and manner of speech.

In a letter to Mrs. Vandegrift, published in LIFE magazine of November 16, 1942, the General wrote:

"Remember that I am coming back at the end of this and that together you and I will live out the late autumn of our lives in Virginia, in peace and quiet. When you remember me in your prayers, as I know you will, ask that I be given the judgment and the ability to lead this splendid outfit so that it will accomplish its task with the least possible loss."

If you were to talk to any of the enlisted men who served with Vandegrift in the islands, his wife's prayers were answered, at least to their way of thinking.

"Even when the going was toughest, and that was most of the time, we felt that as long as the General was on hand, things were going to turn out all right," a veteran of the Guadalcanal campaign said.

"Mainly because the General never let his spirits get down. He seldom got excited and he was always with us."

"There was plenty about him to inspire confidence in his officers and men."

One of the things that added to the General's popularity, as far as his men were concerned, was his genuine consideration for them. This consideration was expressed in various ways. One man told us about the General's radio.

"There wasn't much in the way of news or music out there and the General's tent house was the gathering point for those who wanted to listen to the radio. We used to gather in a circle around the house when the broadcasts were coming in. He knew we were out there and so he would always turn it up loud so all of us could hear."

If the General were listening to the music he liked best, the men who gathered around his tent on Guadalcanal probably heard light opera, especially Victor Herbert, and other semi-classical selections.

When he was back in the States before the war, Vandegrift liked to go up to New York now and then to take in a musical show or a play on the legitimate stage. As one would expect in a man of his cheerful disposition, he likes the comic rather than the tragic.

Now and then that cheerful disposition disappears. His friends and close associates say, however, that Vandegrift doesn't lose his temper very often, and that when he does, he recovers an

even keel in short order and never holds a grudge.

One time during an alert on Guadalcanal, Sergeant Ralph Smith, who was the General's orderly, got slightly fouled up and put salt instead of sugar in Vandegrift's coffee. Those who were there didn't want to tell us what the General said, but it's worthy of note that Smith, now a Platoon Sergeant, is still the General's orderly.

Vandegrift has a certain shyness and reserve as far as the public is concerned but makes friends easily. He likes to talk to people who have something interesting to say. That includes the enlisted men of the Corps who served with him in the Solomons.

"The General would just as soon talk to a buck private as another General," a Marine returned from Guadalcanal told us. "There was nothing of the stuffed shirt about him. He was a regular guy any way you looked at it. Plenty of times you'd see the General under fire out on the front lines talking to the men."

One of the things that helped the General to keep up his spirits under the strain of the Guadalcanal campaign, a strain that would have broken many a lesser man, is his ability to relax which is a great attribute of leadership.

"I used to tell him that all he has to do is get horizontal and he's asleep," is the way Mrs. Vandegrift put it.

In good Marine fashion, Vandegrift not only appreciates his sleep, but he likes good chow. Out in the islands, he was content to take whatever chow was available, whether it was rice captured from the Japs, or canned goods shipped from the United States. When he has his choice, however, the General's tastes run to good food with a special liking for southern cooking such as fried chicken, and, of course, ice cream.

"He is just like a child about ice cream," Mrs. Vandegrift says.

A love of home, of peace and quiet, of the theater and music and good cooking hasn't prevented Vandegrift from taking an active interest in sports and outdoor recreation.

Swimming has always been one of the General's favorite sports and out in the Solomons he used to swim whenever he got the chance.

When a student, Vandegrift was something of a football player. When he injured a knee badly he was forced to give up the game as a player, but kept up his interest from the sidelines. While on duty at Quantico in 1924 and '25 he served as athletic director and business manager of the football team that became famous up and down the East Coast. Under his direction the Marine eleven won 11 games, tied two and lost three.

That's just one of many positions Vandegrift has held in the Marine Corps. He was commissioned a second lieutenant in 1909, being a member of the famous "57 Varieties" class of that year. He served in Nicaragua in 1912, in Vera Cruz in 1914 and in 1915 went to Haiti where he served from 1916 to 1918 and again from 1919 to 1923.

It was while on duty in China in 1927 that Vandegrift had his first encounter with the Japs. In that year he had gone to China as operations and training officer under the late Major General Smedley Butler, serving in Shanghai, Peking and Tientsin. While working out a fleet and air force problem, Vandegrift noticed some Jap planes overhead taking pictures of the war games. He protested to the Japanese commander and was given a "So Sorry, Please" assurance

Men who served with him found Vandegrift a forceful speaker



that it was all a mistake and would not occur again. When the Jap planes showed up a second and a third day, Vandegrift lost patience and ordered a fighter squadron up to drive the Japs off.

After that Vandegrift's relations with the Japs were not the friendliest. His experiences with them in China gave him a good background which he used to advantage in Guadalcanal.

Returning from China in 1929, Vandegrift was assigned to work in the Bureau of the Budget in Washington. From 1933 to 1935 he was assistant chief of staff of the FMF in Quantico. In 1935, he returned to China as executive officer, and later commanded the Marine detachment at the American Embassy in Peiping.

During these years of service, Vandegrift had risen in the officer ranks and was promoted to Colonel in 1936.

In 1937, Vandegrift returned to the United States and to Washington where he became secretary to General Holcomb and later assistant to the Commandant. During this assignment he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General.

Joining the First Marine Division as Assistant Commander in November, 1941, he was in March, 1942, promoted to the rank of Major General in command of the First Division.

On August 7, as Marines well know, he led the invasion of Guadalcanal.

Although General Vandegrift was well known within the Marine Corps, it was the Solomons campaign that brought him to the attention of the world as one of the United States' outstanding military leaders.

The Solomons campaign was the first big combat undertaking of the General's in the position of commander. He tackled this assignment as he has all lesser ones, to the best of his ability, and that proved to be good enough to win the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Navy Cross for him and for his troops to beat the Japs.

The chance circumstance that brought Vandegrift and the Marine Corps together in the first place has worked out to the satisfaction of both parties. What the General has given the Corps is a matter of history which is still being written. And the Corps has given Vandegrift its highest post.

For that post the General is regarded as especially qualified by experience. His post as assistant to General Holcomb gave him an insight into the work of the Commandant. By reputation he is one of the ablest administrators in the history of the Corps.

Perhaps when Senator Martin was selling Vandegrift on the Marines he mentioned the opportunity to see the world. That might have been the clinching inducement, since the General is a confirmed traveler. Not content with what he got in line of duty, he and Mrs. Vandegrift frequently took motor trips around the United States during their vacations.

Or the Senator might have sold him with the opportunities the Corps would give him to meet people, which Vandegrift likes to do.

While in China he made numerous friends among the Chinese. He admires the Chinese people, especially their kindness, patience and hospitality, qualities he possesses himself in a marked degree.

Vandegrift has an essential quality of the leader—the knack of getting along with all types of people and commanding their respect.



Sec. Knox congratulates Gen. Vandegrift on becoming Commandant. Lt. Gen. Holcomb looks on

"He is always tolerant of the other person's point of view, no matter how much he might disagree with it," Mrs. Vandegrift says.

Added to a meticulous devotion to duty, Vandegrift has adaptability. This has made it possible for him to take new situations in his stride as they arise.

As Commandant, General Vandegrift will direct all operations of the Marine Corps. His first hand experience in the South Pacific fits him admirably to direct the drive along the road to Tokyo. And that's the part of the job of being Commandant he will like most.

But there's another part of the job that Vandegrift would just as soon forego. Like most soldiers, the General has shied away from publicity and the limelight all of his life. But as Commandant one of his jobs will be to represent the Corps in various public functions. When it comes to that job he will do it with the same success he achieved as a leader of men because he has high standards of performance for himself as well as for those who work under him. Still we have a sneaking suspicion that at those official dinners, the General would rather be at home, having an informal dinner with Mrs. Vandegrift and swapping tales with a few close friends, and then later settling down with a book on military history—the same kind of book that some future Commandant will some day read and find an important chapter headed *Vandegrift*.

End



An avid reader, the General keeps posted on current events as well as military subjects

The General and Mrs. Vandegrift in their residence in Washington





Radio

Entertains

A Marine Hero

Corp. Ed Melnitsky, Navy Cross winner, sees New York night life as the guest of Lois January

LOIS JANUARY, known in New York as the "Reveille Sweetheart", broadcasts in the early morning darkness to service men. Her warm voice comes over the CBS station WABC weaving the thread of home into the grim pattern of war's preparation.

Reading of the Navy Cross award to Marine Corporal Ed Melnitsky, twice cited for conspicuous gallantry at Bloody Ridge and Matanikau, Lois is anxious to have the veteran on her program. Recovering from wounds at a nearby hospital, Ed is phoned and agrees.

Planning the script one day is followed by the next morning's early broadcast. A day's entertainment starts with Lois' suggestion of roller skating. Up the street a CBS theater offers late morning rehearsals and celebrities. Around the corner is famed Billy Rose's nighterie. Does Ed want to watch the girls' rehearsal drills? He does. It's fun and they are to come back that night for the floor show. For lunch Ed wants to see baseball comedian Al Schacht's restaurant and his baseball collection. Most of the afternoon is taken up seeing the musical "Early To Bed", where backstage tall show girls' "stuff" awes Ed.

While Lois changes for evening, Ed drops into noted Toots Schor's where Frank Fay and Bert Wheeler gag away. Guy Lombardo's music is at the Roosevelt Grill so he and Lois meet there for dinner. Then Kate Smith has them at her radio show with Pat O'Brien guest starring. Thence to the Diamond Horseshoe again and the day's end with Lois awarding Ed one decoration more . . .

Just a phone call but it leads into one of Ed's biggest days



Lois is joined at the studio where her new friend helps with the next script



That's not a Jap mortar Ed is facing but he reveals a "gun-shy" expression!



Her radio chores done, Lois sells Ed the notion of a little roller skating



Ed meets the musical comedian Bert Lahr at a mid-morning rehearsal in the CBS playhouse
The Corporal talks to Red Barber, announcer of the World Series whom Ed heard at Guadal'



Johnny, the widely known cigarette booster, pops up with the greeting—"Hi ya, Gyrene"
Film star Marilyn Maxwell exchanges Marine talk with Ed about her recent gyrene movie



Autograph-seeking youngsters outside the CBS theater eyeing the Marine demand signatures

Later at Billy Rose's, Lois and our Corporal watch a sister trio drill an acrobatic stunt



What appears to be the start of a great "snow job" finds our veteran at ease but good



Questioned about shooting at Guadal' Ed shows the girls a new twist on ivory experting



It's Louise Jarvis, Josine Cagle, Elinor Troy, Peggy Cordrey, Elaine Bassett!! Glamour! A new "attack" confronts our veteran at the musical "Early To Bed"



It's the corporal getting the snowing from the effect of Cordrey and Cagle



At Shor's after the matinee the droll Frank Fay and Bert Wheeler cut capers



Dinner at the Roosevelt, music by Guy Lombardo. Guy extends a welcome to Ed toasting the corporal's musical choice



Pat O'Brien guest starring with Kate Smith questions Ed on the Marines. Pat's going to make a Tulagi Raider picture



Ed tells Kate Smith of the grand time he's had



Back to the Diamond Horseshoe for the late show. Lois yearns for a sandwich



He never realized a 'phone call could have so much meaning. Ed discovers he merits the seal of approval from Lois

End





SERGEANT "JIM" STONE has plenty of time on his hands as he waits for his discharge from U. S. Naval Hospital at Quantico. But there were a few minutes "back there" when he was probably the busiest Marine in the whole Corps. He is officially credited with having "made effective use" of rifle, bayonet, 37-mm gun, 30 caliber machine gun and 50 caliber machine gun; all within a space of minutes. He also made effective, though unofficial, use of non-GI pistol and knife. And the whole thing probably took less time to perform than it does to tell it.

However unclear Sergeant Stone may be about those few "busy minutes" at the Battle of Tenaru River, there is nothing vague about the citation in his record book signed by Admiral William F. Halsey.

"For distinguished service in action," it reads, "against the enemy in the Tenaru sector, Guadalcanal, on August 21, 1942, Stone as a Regimental Observer with conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity remained at his observation post, with three comrades, in the face of enemy attack, to send accurate and timely information to the Regimental Command. After wires from his station to the Command Post had been severed, instead of withdrawing to the rear as was warranted by his line of duty, he took a position on the front lines and engaged the enemy in a furious hand to hand conflict. He aided in driving them back with great losses and prevented their establishing a foothold on the western side of the Tenaru River. In performing this valorous act he made effective use of his rifle and bayonet and successfully manned a 37-mm gun, a 30 caliber and a 50 caliber machine gun. Although wounded during the action he continued to

Busy Hillbilly

by PFC Hal Bergman

Although 23-year-old James Stone is a perfect picture of a sergeant now, he was a Private First Class that August day on the Tenaru when time lost all meaning and a man could do the work of half a dozen in less than half the time, because he had to. Cranberry, West Virginia, is where Stone hails from and he's just waiting for that "duration plus" to get back to them thar hills.

"If I ever get back into those West Virginia hills," he laughs, "I won't give a damn if I never get out. They can call me a hillbilly if they like, but I've had all the traveling I care for and a hell of a lot more than I ever expected. All I want is to settle down with Liz in South Charleston, get my old job back and spend the rest of my natural life asetting' on the front porch with my shoes off. South Charleston is a sweet little town and Liz is one sweet gal and I guess the two kind of add up to what I've been fighting for."

Liz is his wife Elisabeth, his boyhood sweetheart whom he married as soon as he could after getting back to the States. "It was high time, too," he remarked, "we'd been going together eight years."

If you'd let him, Jim would sit and talk about his pretty wife and his personal post-war plans all day long but ask him about the episode for which he was awarded the Silver Star medal and he'll hem and haw and scratch his head of thick, brown hair and say:

"Well I'll tell you what I can, but to be perfectly honest with you, I don't remember much about it. I've tried to think back on it; to get things straightened out, but I don't seem to get very far. Things happened so fast and I was so scared, that when I tell a straight story I'm afraid I'm making it up so it'll sound like a good story."

* * *

"Things Happened So Fast I Was Scared"

hold his position during the onslaught of the Japanese attack."

They don't give away Silver Stars for nothing and without plenty of verification, but Sergeant Stone has his own explanation of why he got his citation:

"It's like this. They give these citations for doing something you're not supposed to do. If it's the wrong thing, you get read off or run up. But if it's the right thing, they give you a citation for it. But I figure half the time a fellow doesn't realize just what he is doing. If he's well trained he'll do things out of habit, and when that routine is disturbed, he'll do the first thing at hand to do."

"That's the way it was in this case. There were four of us out on a point. We were on a telephone reporting back what we could learn. Well, we stayed until the line was cut and then all we were supposed to do was get the hell out of there. But there were the Japs all around and there were we. So what are we going to do, lam it out of there? Naturally we stayed and used what weapons there were. I don't know about the other three men but they must have done all right because they all got the Silver Star."

"I used my rifle and bayonet and a little pistol I'd brought along from home and a knife I'd gotten in Dago. As we kept withdrawing I'd run into these bigger guns with maybe one man on them when there should have been a crew, or maybe the whole crew had been knocked out. Of course, I stayed and helped with those guns."

"On the 37-mm, I know I helped some fellow load and he fired. And on the 30 and 50 caliber machine guns I just fired. In both cases there was another Marine around and he asked me if I knew how to feed and I said no and he said all right, you fire and I'll feed so all I did was hang onto the trigger and point the muzzle in the right direction. That's just about all I remember of the whole thing."

End

AMPHIBIOUS OPERATION

★ The Story of Tarawa ★



WAR'S *Bloodiest* JOB

Amphibious operations are attacks upon a land entrenched enemy by ship-borne invading troops. They are war's toughest assignments.

No war in history has demanded amphibious operations on a scale comparable to this war. Previous conflicts have been fought primarily on land, or have hinged on great naval battles. Our forces in the European theater have one major amphibious operation still ahead—the invasion of western Europe. But in the Pacific, the war against Japan is primarily amphibious war and will continue as such until we land on the island empire. The major American engagements of this war have been amphibious—Guadalcanal, North Africa, Sicily, Bougainville—and Tarawa!

Grimmest and costliest of them all was the Marines' capture of the tiny atoll of Tarawa. Here, to establish their beach heads, Marine assault troops had to wade 500 yards through choppy surf and withering Jap shore fire, shown (above) as reinforcements moved in to clinch the victory. Strategic objective was to wrest the Gilbert Islands from the control of the Jap. Tactical objective was capture of Tarawa's excellent landing strip (below). The capture of Tarawa cracked the Pacific gateway to Japan.

Marines' chief assignment during the last 20 years has been to perfect the most modern techniques of amphibious warfare and to develop an amphibious expeditionary force of specialists. Marines have developed the art of amphibious landing and have become proficient at it. They have perfected specialized equipment—the rubber boat, the amphibious tractor, etc.—to give greater striking power to assault troops. They have integrated the timing of landings with naval and air support.

Such an amphibious operation is typified by Tarawa!

(Turn Page)



THE OBJECTIVE

AMPHIBIOUS OPERATION



1. Start of amphibious operation is loading transports, supply ships. This proceeds day and night. Huge amounts of equipment are needed



2. Warships go along to escort convoy and lay down barrage before assault. Jap flags at right on destroyer represent ships sunk

LIFE ABOARD SHIP

Hardest part of life aboard a transport en route to an amphibious landing is the waiting.

Weeks and months of intensive training are behind the men. So is the huge final job of loading the ships and assembling the convoy. Like the hours a boxer waits before entering the ring, the days spent ploughing through the ocean to the objective are a seemingly endless period for killing time.

Life aboard transport is crowded and uncomfortable. In the South Pacific it is also sticky hot.

About the only daily tasks which are scrupulously followed are a thorough-going cleaning of rifles and guns, and, of course,

eating and sleeping. Between times the men play cards—poker or hearts usually, but not bridge—and chess, but seldom checkers.

They talk endlessly, mostly of home. They sing in little groups clustered around someone who has brought along a banjo or a concertina. They write innumerable letters. They wash clothes and themselves over and over, stretching rationed water to remarkable lengths.

It is this way, usually, until just a day or two before the day for debarkation. Then, the objective is identified and the individual assignments made. These are passed down, to battalion, to company, to platoon, to squad, to individual.

The tense quiet of expectancy replaces the tiresome waiting. The games stop and only hushed talk goes on. Everything is pitched for the order: "Over the side!"

3. Days spent aboard transport are crowded and monotonous. Built-in three-decker bunks are typical sleeping quarters, with

personal gear strewn about in seeming disarray. Assault troops will take only weapons and packs on attack, leaving rest to come in later





4 Every man gets briefing on his job near end of trip. Much depends upon these Higgins' boat crews keeping to schedule

6 Last chow before going in is hastily swallowed. Usually men eat lightly despite knowing next meal may be long time off



7 Getting ready to go in! The Higgins boat is in the water, being towed by destroyer to a transport for load of men



5 Religious services are always held just before the order to disembark. Note gun in background is ready for instant action while mass is said

8 "Over the side!" This is the order the men have waited for. During debarkation, warships and planes shell and strafe enemy positions



(Turn Page)

AMPHIBIOUS OPERATION



9. First thing to do after reaching shore is dig in, wait for enough others so that attack can be made in force



10. Camouflage-suited assault troops surge forward. The chips are down now—the beach must be cleared to make room for the waves behind

BEACH FIGHTING

Beach fighting is the crucial phase of amphibious operations. These first hours determine the success or failure of the invasion.

The assault forces must get ashore in the face of enemy fire. They must push in to make room for reinforcements and dig in against the inevitable counter-attack of the enemy. They must hold on with stubborn grimness until their own forces can launch the second phase of the operation—a land push against the foe.

It is here that the casualties are heaviest. It is here that fighting is most intense, with no line of demarcation between the ground held by either side.

At Tarawa, after the first day's fighting, the Marines held only three strips of beach, the longest not more than 100 yards and the widest but 70 yards. That the assault forces held these tiny patches through the first day and night, then built them into complete victory in 76 hours, is the dividend of 20 years of preparation in amphibious tactics.

END



11. Casualties are heaviest in beach fighting. Two Marines have been hit leaving this landing craft but their buddies must keep going

12. At Tarawa, the Marines were pinned to three slender beach heads during the first terrible day and night. But by mid-afternoon of the second day the Jap was wilting and Marines who wouldn't be beaten stormed successfully the enemy's well-fortified positions

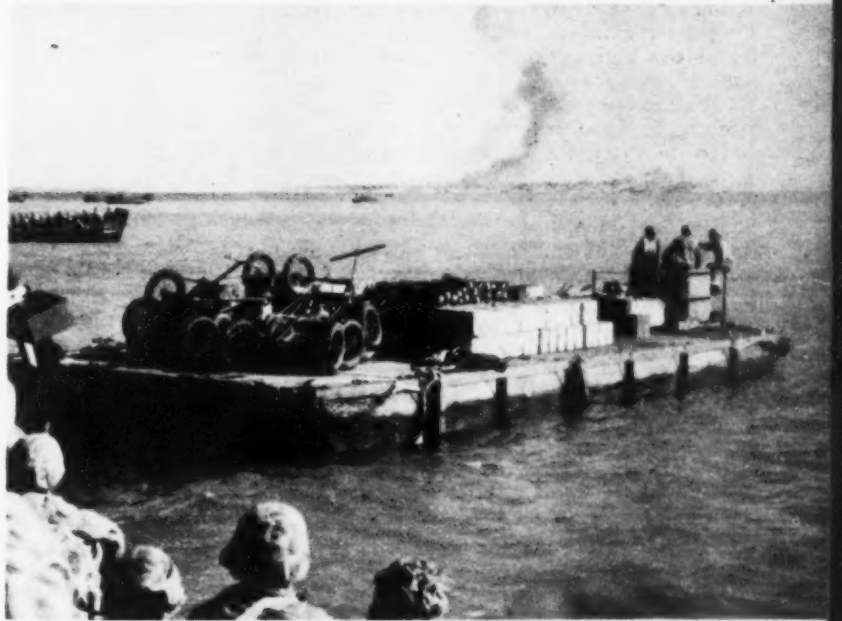




13. The beach taken after bitter and bloody fighting, additional troops and supplies now practically obliterate the sand. This is the third day of the 76-hour battle of Tarawa and the issue no longer remains in doubt. Only isolated Japanese resistance exists



14. Meantime, even while the battle raged, corpsmen set up this camouflaged medical aid station for treating minor injuries



15. Throughout the entire operation, supply barges and Higgins boats plied between the convoy and shore, bringing men, guns, bullets

16. This is one section of bloody beach at Tarawa after atoll was won. Nearly half of casualties in this action occurred either in

the water or at shoreline. There are no foxholes offshore for assault troops. Jap had ring of fortified machine gun positions spaced every five yards



AMPHIBIOUS OPERATION



17. Farther inland, where the enemy commissary once stood, these three Marines relax with booty. Note Jap Marine's overseas cap

19. . . . Then follows the trip in the indispensable rubber boats to the transports which carry them back to base hospitals and the best



18. The heartbreaking job of transferring wounded from the beaches begins as soon as the battle is over. First leg is by stretcher

care. Many of the Tarawa dead also were returned to transports for burial at sea. Tarawa casualties were 1026 killed, 2557 wounded



20. Their job is finished. Almost as soon as the fighting is over, the assault troops are evacuated and the captured area turned over

to defense battalions. Marine amphibious troops are specialists and so long as Jap-held bases exist they have work cut out for them





21. "I'm okay, Mom." First chance he got—before shaving or doffing battle dress this husky Marine sat down amid Tarawa's confusion to write a letter

22. After 76 hours that seemed a century to the men who lived them, the Stars and Stripes flies from an improvised palm tree flagpole. Tarawa atoll is secure!



Amphibious Operation (continued)

TARAWA WAS BLOOD and HELL

The red dusk of a November day was gathering on the melancholy isle of Betio. Sergeant Jim Bayer of Dime Box, Texas, was mopping the blood out of his eye as he fired his M-1. PFC Donald E. Brooks of Flint, Mich., lacerated by 11 shrapnel slugs, moved along the seawall firing at the Nips who showed themselves to lob hand grenades. Pharmacist Mate 3rd Class "Doc" Rogalski of Chicago was busy ripping up skivvy drawers making bandages for the wounded, pausing only to pick up his carbine and take pot shots at a Jap blockhouse.

These three were the only men left on their feet of 40 who had ridden over the coral shelf of the atoll that morning in amphibious tractors.

Their platoon leader, Second Lieutenant Toivo Ivary of Fairport Harbor, Ohio, was propped up against the seawall, his right leg shattered by a grenade and a bullet wound in one arm. He was weak from shock and loss of blood but still very much in command.

The lieutenant's three tractors left the transport from several thousand yards out in the early dawn of "D Day". The amphibians churned one-half the distance shoreward, where they made rendezvous with the rest of the second wave. Then the platoon's craft, in a column of files, started in over the coral shelf toward Betio's flaming beach.

They were 500 yards out when they ran into the first machine gun fire, but the slugs didn't start penetrating the amphibians' hides until they got close in. Then the Nips caught the craft in a beam of fire and held it all the way in. Near the seawall, the amphibians became untenable.

Lieut. Ivary's platoon was supposed to land at 30-yard intervals near the blockhouse on the seawall. However, the three amphibians found considerable of a traffic jam in the blazing lagoon what with much of the landing craft unable to get over the reef. Mortar shells were exploding in the coral. The air was full of lead.

The platoon was on the extreme right flank of the battalion. Ahead of them, the sergeant, on the platoon's right flank, saw a tractor of the first wave, an old-style Alligator, explode near the seawall. A square package of explosives, probably dynamite, came sailing out of one of the blockhouses and landed behind the Alligator's cab. Marine bodies were blown 30 feet into the air, and the beach where the sergeant's bunch were to come in was littered with dead bodies.

Two of the sergeant's men were wounded in the amphib as they neared the beach. Fifteen yards from the seawall, the tractors were stopped and the riflemen and machine gunners went over the sides and dashed through a crossfire of machine gun bullets for the seawall.

The lieutenant's group landed on a dry stretch of coral, to the left of the jutting-out pillbox. The sergeant's boys were the hardest hit as they dashed in for the seawall. It had been planned to set up the machine guns on the beach, but so many members of the crews were killed or wounded at the start and parts of guns lost in the water, that this was impossible. The sur-

continued next page



IVARY



BAYER

Tarawa, (continued)

viving machine gunners grabbed weapons of dead Marines and became riflemen.

Just to the right of the sergeant's position, back of the blown-up Alligator, was a Japanese "head". This was a sort of platform out over the water with little huts on top of it. This had been shelled and debris had fallen into the water. Brooks, an agile lad, hid among the debris, moving from time to time and taking occasional shots at Jap grenade-throwers and snipers on the shore.

Bayer had the ill-luck to lose his pack, helmet and wrist watch as he leaped from the tractor (the wrist watch was shot off his wrist by another ricochette). But he went to work with his M-1 and five grenades, three fragmentary, one concussion and one incendiary. Most of the other Marines were similarly equipped.

The Texas sergeant found that about 12 of his lads, most of them wounded, had made it to the seawall. Grenades were raining down. But the greatest danger was from the blockhouse on the seawall. The Marines went to work knocking out this redoubt on their flank. They heaved grenades into the pillbox's entrances and fired at its rifle slits. After an hour or so, the pillbox was silent.

Now the Marines were fairly safe behind the seawall except for the grenades.

Soon after the landing, a Nip grenade dropped near the lieutenant. He kicked it into a small pot-hole in the coral so that it wouldn't shatter in the face of one of his wounded men. The grenade went off faster than he'd expected, shattering his right leg just above the ankle. Later, the officer received a flesh wound in the arm and numerous cuts from shrapnel.

During the morning the Nips made occasional rushes for the edge of the seawall. They would dash from their pillboxes or spider traps, apparently with the intention of dropping explosives over the wall onto the Marines. But the sharp-shooting Marines picked off every Nip that showed himself and the seawall's parapet began to build itself up with dead Japs. The sergeant, without his helmet, took a particular risk when he sighted over the wall.

"It was like fighting in the center of a pool table without any pockets—there was no place to dig in," Bayer explained. "I have never seen any place so well fortified—Guadalcanal and Tulagi were never like Tarawa."

Late in the morning, three Nips made a gallop for a .20 millimeter and tried to put it in operation. They died at their work as Marine rifles blazed. Other Japs tried to man the gun, but joined their ancestors while at their chores. By afternoon, Nip corpses were draped all over the gun. Then, someone from the sergeant's sector destroyed the gun's breech with a well-aimed grenade.

"Had the Shambos been able to get that .20 millimeter gun in action we would have been strictly out of luck," said the lieutenant, "for we were looking right down that gun's throat and it might have knocked the seawall down around us."

Meanwhile, Rogalski was the busiest man on the beach. During the long months of preparation on the Second Division's bases to the South, he had been more or less inactive. Now, on this fire-swept beachhead, the tall Chicago boy worked as coolly as if he were giving a demonstration back in his home-town's Lincoln Park. At intervals he would become a little annoyed and stop work long enough to fire the carbine at fleeting figures among the blockhouses.

He ran out of dressings, found some on dead corpsmen of the first wave, ran out of dressings again and started using torn skivvy drawers.

Ivory believes that Rogalski saved the lives of at least a dozen men. He also probably killed a half dozen Nips.

"I'm recommending that kid for all of the citations that the Corps or the Navy will allow," said the lieutenant.

Once while he was dressing a corporal's wounds, Brooks got pieces of shrapnel all over his body. There were dead bodies all around. The water was red. So the sergeant led the few men he had left along the seawall and joined the lieutenant on the dry coral.

On the way, a bullet struck the Texan on the crown of his head, just above the hairline. He was stunned and blood gushed over his face as he fell into the water. Perhaps the water revived him for he got

back on all-fours and scrambled around the side of the pillbox on the seawall.

The lieutenant was having a hard time of it. Rogalski had fixed up his shattered leg with sulphur powder, dressings and splints. But the officer was weak from loss of blood. Still, he kept his wits about him. His radioman had been wounded in the jaw and the radio destroyed. There was no contact with anyone save a remnant of the first wave to the left down the beach. Some members of the first wave had joined the platoon.

When the sergeant and his boys joined them it was around 1730 o'clock and darkness was falling. The Nips had been dropping knee mortars in addition to the grenades. As it grew darker they stopped their firing.

Ivory put the men to work digging foxholes in the coral and establishing as much security as possible for the night. Ammunition was getting low. Almost all of the grenades were gone. There was little food, for most of the packs had been lost. And there was always the danger that the Nips might rush out of the blockhouses and engulf the battered band of Marines under the seawall.

It was a welcome sight when the four amphibians came in over the black lagoon, through light hail of machine gun bullets, and crawled up on the dry coral in the shelter of the defunct pillbox on the seawall.

Fresh riflemen leaped from the amphibians. Pack howitzers and ammunition were unloaded. Corpsmen came over the sides with a lot of gear. The lieutenant sent runners up and down the beach to look for wounded. The wounded were loaded on the tractors. Rogalski asked to remain on the beach.

"Look, sir," he said to his officer, "I'd like to stick around. Those joes up there," pointing at the blockhouses, "are still going to need a lot of working over. So there'll be plenty for me to do in the morning. Good-bye, lieutenant."

So, the amphibians pulled out. But when they were out of the lagoon, the lieutenant asked that he and all the others be transferred to a Higgins boat.

"There's no reason for us to be using these," he said. "They should be bringing in supplies over that coral reef for those guys ashore."

When they were lying on the deck of the Higgins boat, chugging through the dark sea, the lieutenant spoke to the sergeant.

"I've been wondering for a long time, sergeant, about that home town of yours. Where did they ever get that name, Dime Box?"

"Dime Box is a pretty little town, lieutenant, but for a while back there

against the seawall I didn't think I'd ever see it again. It's on the San Antonio Pike, between Giddings and Caldwell. A long time ago it was only a plantation. And one of the plantation's negro mammies would leave a dime in the mailbox every day for the mailman to get her a box of snuff. That's how they come to call my town Dime Box."

"Thanks," said the lieutenant, "I just wondered."

End

An Interview With Marines Returned From Tarawa A LEATHERNECK EXCLUSIVE

BEFORE PEARL HARBOR G-MEN WERE HELPING TO BREAK UP A JAP SPY RING IN THE U. S.

PERHAPS no more heroic chapter in the annals of American Arms has ever been written than that of the gallant Marines in the South Pacific during the current war. For one hundred sixty-eight years—both in peace and in war—you have upheld your motto—"Semper Fidelis"—in the finest American tradition. Today you are fighting a tough enemy on the battle front. We in the FBI, with equal devotion to our motto—"Fidelity, Bravery, Integ-

be prosecuted. Thompson was sentenced in 1936 to serve fifteen years in prison for his activities in betraying his country.

The Japanese is a peculiar person. He is energetic, suspicious and equipped with more than his share of the Oriental love for intrigue. Japan has always envied the

propaganda and espionage endeavors. Following September 27, 1940, when Japan joined the Tripartite Alliance with Germany and Italy, it became more evident than ever before that a strong and efficient program of counterespionage against the Japanese was indispensable.

Perhaps the framework of the Japanese system in the United States can best be viewed as a series of pyramids within a larger pyramid with the Japanese Consulate at the apex and its influence permeating the entire structure. Social clubs, educational organizations, civic and commercial associations, and religious organizations in the United States were strongly influenced, if not directly controlled, by groups of similar type and purpose within the Japanese Empire. The Buddhist and Shinto temples in the United States were hotbeds of pro-Japanese propaganda. One Japanese religious leader, taken into custody immediately after Pearl Harbor and now interned as a dangerous alien enemy, made a significant entry in his diary on December 14, 1941. It read in part: "Before I had breakfast I prayed for the victory of the Imperial Army. I am sure the Imperial Army has already taken Guam—I prayed for America too, especially—for the sin of America. Oh God, forgive the sin of America—"

The case of Bernard Julius Otto Kuehn illustrates Japanese Consular activities as well as the close relationship of the Nazis and the Japs in their espionage. Kuehn, a Nazi Party member, first went to Honolulu in 1935 for the ostensible purpose of studying the Japanese language. His "study" was quite profitable, for in the first three years of his stay he added more than \$70,000 to his bank account. On December 3, 1941, just four days before Pearl Harbor, Nagao Kita, the Japanese Consul General in Honolulu, furnished his Foreign Office a complete system of signals to be used in sending intelligence information regarding movements of the American Fleet at Pearl Harbor. One signal was a light in a dormer window—in a house owned and occupied by Kuehn and wife.

The Kuehns had previously been suspected of espionage activity in behalf of Germany and Japan and had been under investigation by the FBI and the Intelligence Services of the Army and Navy. Both were arrested by the FBI on December 8, 1941, and though first denying their activities, Kuehn and wife finally admitted having offered to assist the Japanese during November, 1941. At the request of the Japanese Vice-Consul at Honolulu, Otojiro Okuda, Kuehn made observations at Pearl Harbor and submitted a signal system which the Japanese officials considered too complicated. He returned on December 2 with a revised and simplified system and

Fighting the JAPS on two fronts

by J. Edgar Hoover

rity"—are engaging the same enemy on a different front—that of espionage, sabotage and propaganda.

For years prior to December 7, 1941, the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Office of Naval Intelligence of the Navy Department had been jointly interested in Japanese matters. Shortly after the outbreak of war it was agreed by the Military Intelligence Division of the War Department, the Office of Naval Intelligence, and the FBI that the latter two agencies would thenceforth exercise concurrent jurisdiction in this field of activity.

As early as 1934, Harry Thomas Thompson, a former yeoman in the United States Navy, contacted Japanese authorities in Los Angeles and offered his services to the Imperial Japanese Navy in obtaining espionage data. One Toshio Miyazaki, known as "Tani," a Lieutenant Commander in the Japanese Navy, was likewise involved in the plot, but fled to Japan before he could

inventive capacity and the mass production efficiency of the United States. Lacking in these, she has attempted the next best thing—to get pertinent details from her representatives in this country. The quest for information has not been limited to our productive capacity, however, but has included all possible confidential data on our military and naval might.

Japan has not always been able to follow the usual tactics in the espionage game. Physical characteristics of color and size made the Japanese spy a marked man. He could not blend with the crowd. But Japan, a nation of tourists and travelers, has collected information on the United States and other countries for years. The Japanese espionage system has operated through commercial representatives, Japanese societies, diplomatic employees and even Shinto priests. In many instances, too, the Japanese have recruited members of other races to assist them in their nefarious



also furnished Okuda a written tabulation of the number and types of American ships then in Hawaiian waters.

Kuehn was brought to trial on February 19, 1942, and was sentenced to be shot. Later his sentence was commuted to fifty years at hard labor. Kuehn's wife and other members of his family have been interned for the duration of the war.

Although in several instances Japanese agents were caught in espionage activities, prosecution of them was deemed inadvisable because of the delicate international situation and the agents were allowed to return to Japan. One Takeo Ezima, a Lieutenant Commander of the Imperial Japanese Navy, was involved in the Duquesne Spy Case in which thirty-three German spies were sentenced on January 2, 1942, to terms exceeding three hundred twenty years and fined \$18,000. William Sebald, a naturalized American of German birth who worked with the FBI in the case, received a short-wave radio message from Germany over the station built by the FBI with German funds, instructing him to make a contact with one E. Satoz. Sebald, still posing as a German spy, and an espionage agent named Everett Roeder established contact with the unknown individual and were taken to a Japanese restaurant where they occupied a private room. The man identified himself as Takeo Ezima and received from Sebald and Roeder a number of items for transmittal to Germany by way of Japan. The phone number given by Ezima was found to be listed to the Japanese Naval Inspector's Office in New York City, and on one occasion he was trailed to the building housing the offices of the Japanese Consulate. Ezima had several other meetings with representatives of the German espionage group, but was allowed to sail for Japan on July 5, 1941.

Itaru Tachibana, ostensibly a Japanese language student but actually pay-off man for the Japanese Navy holding in succession the titles of Lieutenant Commander and Commander, was another Japanese agent active in the United States. This Jap discontinued his studies because of "difficulties" in grasping the language, but he seemed to experience no insurmountable difficulty in traveling from one end of the country to the other. Tachibana actually financed trips to Hawaii on the part of a person really working for the FBI and the Office of Naval Intelligence so that this individual could obtain confidential information from a friend pertaining to the American Navy. At the time of Tachibana's arrest on June 7, 1941, at Los Angeles, a search of his living quarters revealed a number of interesting, and incriminating documents. A letter from his wife read in part, "Since the European war, your work has probably become very heavy. You don't like for me to ask questions about your work so I will not, but please take care of your health and don't do anything foolish." Tachibana also had in his possession considerable research data listed according to various headings



Sebald, posing as a German spy, and an agent named Roeder contacted the unknown individual and were taken to a Japanese cafe where they occupied a private room

such as "War preparations being made at the present time by the expeditionary forces in Hawaii" and "Outlook of shipments of planes to Australia and the Netherlands East Indies." The complaint previously filed against Tachibana was dismissed and he sailed from San Francisco for Japan on June 21, 1941.

The Japs did not rely alone on their espionage activities—they also made the fullest possible use of clever propaganda designed to sell their alleged peace loving motives to the United States and the world.

The incredible sum of \$250,000 was paid by the Japanese to Joseph Hilton Smyth, Walker Grey Matheson and Irvine Harvey Williams who engineered the purchase of several reputable magazines for propaganda purposes and carried on their undermining activities for over two and one-half years. Smyth was born near the landing place of the Pilgrims, while Matheson was a Canadian who obtained American citizenship through his father's naturalization. Williams was a British subject who was born in Japan and educated in Japanese and German schools. In order to disguise the Japanese subsidization of their prop-

aganda publications, Matheson was known as Mr. Grey and Smyth as Richard Warren to the Japanese Consulate in New York. Shingaro Fukushima, Vice-Consul in charge of press and public relations for Japan in New York City, posed as Mr. Throckmartin. During August, 1940, Matheson was rewarded by his Japanese conspirators with a trip to Japan. He was entertained in high government circles and on one occasion interviewed Premier Matsuoka. He also contacted Kurusu who later, as a special envoy, reached new heights of infamy when he talked "peace" in Washington at the very time the Japanese attack was in progress at Pearl Harbor. Matheson became so voluble in his un-American statements while touring the Orient that it was necessary for our State Department to caution him. On November 12, 1942, Matheson, Williams and Smyth received prison sentences of seven years each, after pleading guilty to acting as agents of the Japanese Government without prior notification to the Secretary of State as required by law.

One of the most important accomplishments of the FBI in thwarting Japanese sabotage and espionage activities was in connection with the alien enemy program. On December 9, 1941, the Attorney General of the United States was able to announce that up to and during the evening of December 8, 1941, the FBI and cooperating local law enforcement officers took into custody 1,212 Japanese aliens considered dangerous in view of prior careful investigation. The alien enemy control program has been continued by the FBI and as of October 5, 1943, 14,807 alien enemies of all nationalities had been taken into custody. A total of 5,303 of these were Japanese; and 2,617 have been interned for the duration of the war, while 1,810 have been placed on parole. A total of 659 were released either prior to or subsequent to hearings, while 166 dispositions are pending and 51 Japanese died or were repatriated. Numerous guns, cameras, swords, and other prohibited items were seized during the course of spot checks of the homes and premises of Japanese aliens.

One alien enemy case of particular interest to Marines involves a Jap from San Francisco who for years had been an important contact for Japanese military men visiting in the United States. He was arrested by the FBI as an alien enemy on December 17, 1941, and later interned for the duration of the war. This Jap, according to his own statement, served in the Japanese Army from 1925 to 1927 with the rank of a Second Lieutenant. Prior to arriving in San Francisco in 1935, he was employed by the Japanese Navy on the Island of Formosa as an expert tankage installer.

But this Jap was not satisfied in an American Internment Camp. He wanted something different and was repatriated on the S. S. Gripsholm during June, 1942. Soon put to work on tankage installation, this Japanese National was free only a short period, for he arrived on Guadalcanal just in time to be captured by the Marines.

Another Japanese alien whom we shall



The Jap arrived on Guadalcanal just in time to be captured by the Marines

HOOVER

call Dak Tsida entered the United States at San Francisco in 1903 after serving as an Artillery Lance Corporal in the Japanese Army. He belonged to the Imperial Military Friends Group of Southern California, whose members had seen military service in Japan and had been active in soliciting contributions to the Japanese Army and Navy Ministries. When this Jap's premises were searched after his arrest as an alien enemy, numerous prohibited articles were located, among them being a box of blasting caps, a radio, a camera, fifteen feet of dynamite fuse and a .32 caliber automatic pistol. In addition, his premises yielded a piece of cardboard depicting various methods of splicing electric wires. It was also revealed that Tsida had cut several peep-holes in the walls of his bedroom and had mounted a six-inch mirror which allowed anyone in the bedroom to command a good view of the approach to the house. Furthermore, Tsida had set up an intricate system of wiring around the house which was apparently intended to warn him of the presence of any intruders. Dak Tsida was ordered interned for the duration of the war.

While no doubt many potential Jap saboteurs have been interned for the duration of the war as dangerous alien enemies, up to the present time no foreign-directed acts of sabotage committed by Japanese or representatives of any other nationality have come to the attention of the FBI. From January 1, 1940, to October 1, 1943, 12,132 cases of reported sabotage were investigated by the FBI. Technical sabotage in some form was found in 1,198 instances, but these acts for the most part were due to spite, carelessness, and similar reasons.



When Dak Tsida's rooms were searched on his arrest, many prohibited articles were found, among them blasting caps and dynamite fuses, cameras and a .32 pistol.

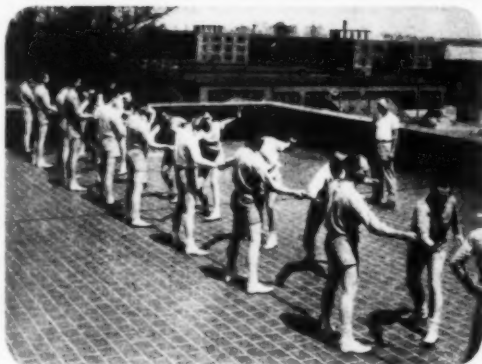
There have been numerous rumors, however, concerning Japanese sabotage and related activities and many of these circulated immediately after the Pearl Harbor attack. For example, according to the story, the main printing press of a leading newspaper in Honolulu was sabotaged. Actually there was only a routine breakdown of the press. Another widely circulated rumor in Hawaii reflected that the water supply had been poisoned by a saboteur and that a canary died instantly when given some of the "poisoned" water. Actually the canary's owner had been away from home for two or three days and the bird, which had not

been given food and drink in the meantime, died from overeating when finally fed. Such wild stories are harmful to morale and should, of course, be scotched before they have a chance to spread.

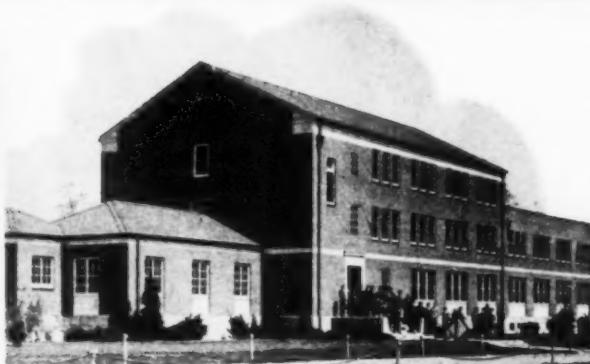
The war against Japan continues on two fronts—against the sneaky, cruel Sons of Heaven on the field of battle and the cunning spy or propagandist on the home front. Neither fight must fail, and they will not fail so long as all of us—civilians, the Armed Services, and law enforcement—pull together.

End

F. B. I. and Marines Work Side by Side at Quantico Base



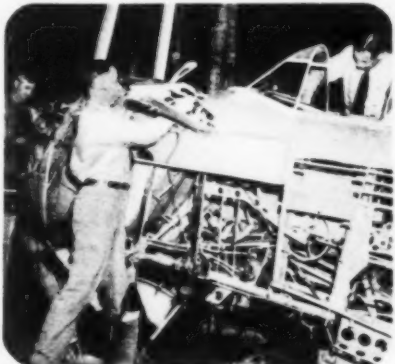
Disarming methods being taught class of special agents at Quantico school



FBI academy is located at huge Marine Corps base at Quantico, Va., 45 miles from the Nation's Capital



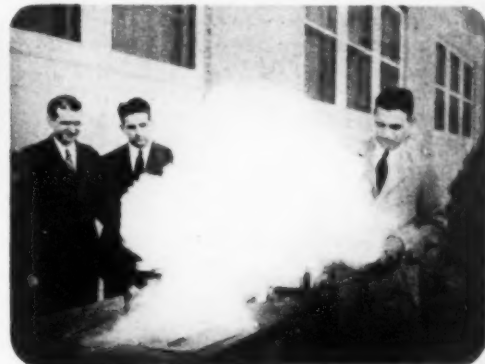
Firing the Thompson gun is a must for Federal crime busters



Wrecked airplane being searched for possible clues of sabotage



Instructions are offered in nomenclature of "Tommy" gun to class of Government agents



Explosives, incendiaries tested as part of the FBI investigators' training program

The Gold Miner From Gawgi

by T Sgt. Frank X. Tolbert

ONE afternoon last summer at the Marine Barracks in Washington, D. C., the colonel called Sergeant Major Mike Sylvester into his office and said:

"It has happened again, Sylvester. Someone dug another hole last night in the parade ground. This is getting serious. See that the hole is filled up before sunset parade. One of those big bandsmen might fall in and break a leg."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the sergeant major. After a pause he added: "I think I know the party who's doing all of this digging. Only I can't prove anything just now."

"Admiral Becker is one of my chief suspects," said the colonel, with a laugh. "I was at his house over at the Navy Yard the other night and I happened to tell the yarn about the American Marines burying a chest of treasure in the compound here before the British arrived to occupy this barracks in the War of 1812. And the very next night after I told the admiral this story, someone dug the first excavation in the parade ground."

That evening, as was his custom, Sylvester went to his bunk in No. 6 squadroom for a nap. He dozed almost immediately. A peaceful look settled over the old Marine's hard face. During one of the Nicaraguan campaigns he had been kicked in the face by a banana mule and he had lost most of his front teeth. Now, as he began to snore softly, his mouth fell open, revealing a row of glittering gold teeth.

The sergeant major was a light sleeper. So, when a Marine entered the squadroom and stumbled over a locker box, Sylvester opened his eyes and propped himself up on one arm.

A tall, husky private in a well pressed, threadbare uniform was standing by Sylvester's bunk. The private had three rows of campaign ribbons and decorations on his chest. On his sleeve were the hashmarks of three enlistments. He held a pair of pliers in one hand.

Sylvester sat up on the bunk and his hands whipped to his mouth, where he began, nervously, to feel of his gold teeth. Satisfied that they were all present and accounted for, the sergeant major glared at the tall private and yelled:

"Private Hunt, I've taken about enough from you. You ought to be locked up, and I'm going to speak to the colonel about your case. When we get you in the brig, I think all of this funny business around here will stop. Report to me for office hours at 0900 tomorrow. Now shove off and never let me see you in this squadroom again."

Clarence (Lefty) Hunt, senior private of the entire Marine Corps, scowled, walked out of the squadroom and down the ladder to the arcade. Hunt had been stationed at Washington since his return a few weeks before from the Southwest Pacific. And he was having trouble adjusting himself to the routine of the post.

"It's too regulation around this lashup," said Lefty. "You're bucking all the time. And they run a dry swab through your mouth every time you say a dirty word."

From the arcade Hunt saw Miss Virgie Grew, age nine, sitting on the O. D. shack steps. And he decided he'd go over and ask the little girl for some advice.

Virgie had her problems, too. Since her father, Colonel Elmer Grew, had gone overseas, leaving his family in quarters on officers' row at the barracks, Virgie had been directed to pray regularly for his safe return. All of this praying had started the red-haired little girl to wondering what the Lord looked like. She'd about decided

Sylvester sat up in his bunk, his hand whipped to his mouth where he began nervously to feel his gold teeth

that the Lord had a scraggly white goatee and a lot of hashmarks on his sleeve, like Master Gunnery Sergeant Lou Diamond.

Hunt had almost reached the O. D. shack steps when he remembered that he was carrying the pliers. He said to Virgie:

"Honey, I'll be back in a minute and I'd like to ask your advice about something. But I've got to return these pliers right now. I borrowed them from Sergeant Cody to fix the wire in a cap cover."

"Take your pack off, Lefty, and sit down just a minute," said the little girl. "I want to ask you some things about the Gawgi Island campaign. My dad is down near there now, I guess."

"I ain't much of an authority on the Gawgi Island fighting," replied Hunt.

"You didn't win that Navy Cross doing sack drill," said Virgie. "Why is it all the boys on the post here are calling you the Gold Miner?"

"Aw, these eightballs here are telling a lot of wild stories about me. One of the yarns is that I went around with a pair of pliers after the battles on Gawgi and pulled gold teeth out of the mouths of dead Nips. They say I practically got rich doing this. And this is why Sergeant Major Sylvester thinks I'm trying to catch him asleep and jerk out his gold teeth."

"It is sort of funny that you have so much money all the time," said Virgie. "That's what the boys say, anyway. Did you really pull out the Japs' gold teeth?"

"Naw, not many. But these yeomen around the post are telling it that I got more than a thousand gold teeth. It is true that the Shambos have an awful lot of gold in their mouths. The reason I usually got a little money is that I own a stock farm back in Northern New Mexico. If I don't get sent to the brig, I'm going home to Taos and see my fi-fi. She is the most beautiful gal in Northern New Mexico, and that is saying something."

It was almost dark now. The sentry at the main gate was at present or port arms most of the time, for Marines and their families were coming in to see the movies. There was a big screen at one end of the parade ground, and long rows of folding chairs had been set up on the turf before it.

"I'll be darned," said Virgie. "There's that little pest, Wainwright Becker, sneaking in the gate with Gunnery Sergeant Stamps' family. I wonder what he's up to."

Wainwright, plump nine-year-old son of Admiral Becker, was a sort of fugitive at the time he arrived at the barracks. Earlier in the evening, from the top of the stairs in his father's quarters at the Navy yard, he had heard Mrs. Becker say to the admiral:

"Wainwright is terribly interested in natural history. He's always asking me to take him to the Smithsonian Institution. I believe the darling is going to become an archaeologist. He loves to dig in the ground."

"If someone doesn't kill him before he grows up," said the admiral, rather bitterly. He had just found a number of chocolate fingerprints on one of his white dress uniforms.

"When that kid comes downstairs, I'm going to give him a good paddling," said Admiral Becker.

On hearing this, Wainwright retreated down the back stairs and headed for the

barracks, a few blocks up Eighth Street from the Navy Yard.

At the entrance to the barracks, Wainwright had to wait for several minutes. When Gunnery Sergeant Stamps and his wife, trailed by their brood of four small sons, started through the gate, Wainwright marched after them. He seized the hand of the smallest Stamps boy and sailed, unchallenged, past the sentry. A newsreel had started on the screen, but Wainwright didn't give it a glance. He dropped the hand of the little Stamps boy and set out down the shadowy arcade.



Wainwright raised his shovel and rapped the private across the head

About a week before, Wainwright had heard the colonel tell Admiral Becker about the treasure that was supposed to be buried in the parade ground. Since then the plump little boy had visited the barracks every night when there was an outdoor movie. He had a grubbing hoe and a small shovel hidden in some bushes on the lawn of the commandant's house. With these implements he had been able to make some fair-sized excavations during the two hours or so that the post was blacked out.

Now he dragged the grubbing hoe and shovel across the compound and started digging by a big elm in front of the post library, some 30 yards from the movie screen. Whenever the sound track quieted or when someone passed along the arcade,

Wainwright would stop digging and lie flat on the ground.

Tonight, however, the fat little boy worked for more than an hour and a half without being disturbed. Then, when the music on the sound track started rising to a sort of crescendo, he judged that the movie was nearing its end. He gathered up his tools and was preparing to leave when a tall figure appeared in the dark. A match flared. It was Private Hunt.

Lefty said: "What in the devil are you doing kid? Don't you know you're liable to get in trouble tearing up the parade ground?"

The match was out. Wainwright had lived around naval stations most of his life. He disliked all Marines. Now he didn't hesitate. Hunt was cupping his hands and preparing to strike another match. Wainwright raised the shovel and hit the private across the head with the handle. And Hunt dropped as if he'd been hit by .50 caliber.

Dragging only the grubbing hoe, Wainwright ran off into the darkness.

Lefty Hunt's skull was tough. The blow only stunned him. He lay on the ground for a few moments until his head quit spinning. Then he grabbed the handle of the shovel and got to his feet. He was standing by the hole, wobbling a little and leaning on the shovel, when the lights went on all around the compound. Hunt dropped the shovel and froze to attention. For the officer of the day, Lieutenant McClannahan, was charging down upon him. And behind the O. D. were Sergeant Major Sylvester and the sergeant of the guard, Sergeant Murphy. Hunt saluted the O. D. and said:

"I had a little accident, sir. I was walking around the parade ground in the dark and a fat kid hit me with this shovel—"

He stopped because he realized that the story sounded pretty silly.

"I see you had an accident," said Lieutenant McClannahan. "Now you will follow Sergeant Murphy to the guardhouse."

Virgie, standing near the guardhouse, watched the tall private pass by, and Hunt was saying to Sylvester and Sergeant Murphy:

"A little fat boy was doing that digging, and he hit me over the head with the shovel."

"A little fat kid!" snorted the sergeant major. "That's a likely sounding story. I would hate to have to tell it to a summary court."

"It was a fat kid," Lefty repeated dazedly as he entered the guardhouse.

Virgie pushed her green beanie far back on her red head. She frowned and looked down toward the main gate. Wainwright was marching out of the gate, following closely behind the family of Gunnery Sergeant Stamps. The fat boy's clothes were soiled and he had lost his cap, Virgie noted.

The next afternoon, Virgie was sitting by the main gate talking with Sergeant Fogel, the post electrician.

"You mean, Fogel," said the little girl, "that you can turn all of the lights on the post on or off with just a few switches?"

"Sure, kid," said Fogel, "but don't you ever go monkeying with those switches, especially during one of these outdoor movies, unless you want to see me in the brig." (Turn Page)

GAWGI—Continued

Just then Virgie saw Wainwright standing on the corner, across the street from the barracks, waiting for a traffic light to change. Virgie said goodbye to Fogel and walked out of the gate. She called:

"Wait for me, Wainwright. I'll walk over to the Navy Yard with you. My mother is at your house."

Wainwright was in bad humor. A few minutes before, guards at the Smithsonian Institution had led him out of the Museum of Natural History and had told him never to come back.

"And all I did was hit the toe of a dinosaur's skeleton a few times with a hammer to see if it would crumble," said the fat boy to Virgie.

"They were mean to you," said Virgie, sympathetically. "Why don't you tell your father about those guards mistreating you?"

They'd started walking southward down Eighth toward the Navy Yard.

"Aw, it wouldn't do no good," said Wainwright. "I wasn't supposed to be down at the museum. Besides, my dad's awfully mad at me about something else. I hope he's not around when I get home."

"Are you coming to the movies tonight at the barracks?" asked Virgie. "Your dad's going to be there on account of they are showing an important training film before the regular movie."

"Naw," said Wainwright. "I'm tired of those stinking old movies they show. Anyhow, I don't like to sit around with any eightball Marines."

Virgie was silent until they had gone through the ancient gate into the Navy Yard and turned into a pleasant side street where the Beckers had their quarters. Then she said: "Somebody over at Archives found an old document which shows that Miller's Marines buried a chest of gold right by the flag pole, about three paces to the southwest of that big elm. This happened way back in 1812, if you haven't heard about it. The government is going to have some digging done there soon. So I don't see why they're so mad at Lefty Hunt just for doing a little bit of digging."

Wainwright blinked his small black eyes. His fat, bold face crinkled into a grin. He reached a grimy paw into a pocket, handed Virgie a mashed chocolate and said:

"My dad's standing there on the porch, probably waiting to give me a spanking. So I'd better go in the back way before he sees me. I'll see you after a while."

And the fat boy ran down the alley, crawled over the fence, and dropped puffing and red-faced, into the back yard of the Becker quarters.

In the dusk of that evening, Virgie and her mother returned to the barracks. At the gate the little girl asked permission to stop at the O. D. shack for a short visit with Marine Gunner Hyde, the officer of the day. Virgie studied the switches in the box by the entrance. Then she went outside to sit on the steps and watch the Marines and their families coming in for the movies.

Admiral Becker and the colonel were seated on the front row. But Wainwright was not with his father. Virgie looked at the crowd closely. Gunnery Sergeant Stamps and his family hadn't arrived. It wasn't until the lights had gone off on the



parade ground and the picture had started that Stamps and his brood arrived. Wainwright was marching with them, clutching the hand of the smallest Stamps boy. Virgie drew a long breath and moved over near the switch box.

She sat down in a chair, with her thin legs dangling, closed her eyes and waited for almost a half hour. While she was waiting she thought a prayer. This was the prayer she thought:

"Lord, for gosh's sake, stay with me now. I don't know what you look like. You may look like the colonel or you may look like Gunnery Sergeant Diamond. But, anyway, I know you're awfully handsome and snappy. So don't lower the boom on me tonight. I pray that Wainwright will be busy digging over by the flag pole when I turn on these switches. And I pray that Sergeant Fogel doesn't get in trouble over this. And deliver Lefty Hunt from the brig. Amen."

Virgie finished her prayer and clutched the switches. The lights went on all around

the parade ground and the images on the movie screen faded. The colonel, blinking, arose and yelled angrily:

"Who the devil turned on those lights—" The Marine officer stopped in the middle of the sentence and stared in the direction of the flag pole. For there, about 20 yards from the front row of seats and near the base of the pole, was Wainwright. He was standing in an ankle deep excavation and he had the grubbing hoe in his hand.

Admiral Becker arose from his seat. He sighed, and then he said:

"Will you excuse me, Colonel. I assure you the boy will be properly punished. I am very sorry about all this."

The Naval officer strode across the compound. He seized his fat son roughly and gave him one hard spank. Then he picked up the little boy and carried him toward the gate.

When they'd gone, the colonel drew a long breath. He motioned to the sergeant major and said: "Go to the guardhouse and release Private Hunt."

"Yes sir," said the sergeant major.

Virgie was waiting when Hunt and Sergeant Major Sylvester came out of the guardhouse.

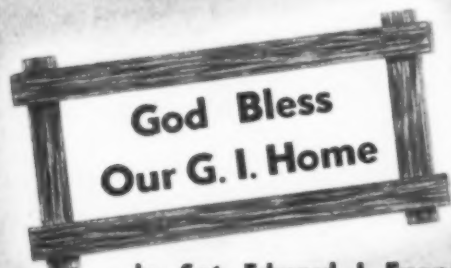
"I'm sorry about not believing your story about the fat kid with the shovel," said Sylvester and he smiled, showing his gold teeth. Then the sergeant major went down the arcade toward his squadroom.

Virgie said: "Well, Lefty, I see you're turning into an earbanger—hanging around with the sergeant major."

"It ain't doing me no good," replied Hunt. "I'm off to Oklahoma next week on a furlough, but that tightwad sergeant major says I can't have but 10 days. That's only enough to get to Oklahoma and see my beautiful fi-fi for a day or so and then haul it back here."

"I tell you what you do, Lefty," said Virgie. "Sergeant Major Sylvester went topside just now. I bet you he has already hit his sack and is sleeping with his mouth open. You take your pliers and go wake him up. And then you ask him for a month's furlough. I'll bet he gives it to you—just to get rid of you and the pliers."

End



by Sgt. Edward J. Evans

Let's look in on the typical American home of 1960. We find ex-platoon sergeant John Gizmo and ex-technical sergeant Jane Gizmo greeting the dawn about 0530 one morning.

"John—John—Get out of that sack. What do you think this is, sick bay? Hit the deck and show a little life. You're on mess duty this week. See if you can't turn out something besides scrambled eggs and French toast this morning. We've had it on the menu three times this week."

"Now listen, Janie—don't go pullin' any

rank around here. I was wearin' stripes while you were still in the Camp Fire Girls. I've still got seniority on you even if you did outrank me. You'd better get hot on those kids and their police details. They wouldn't pass inspection in my old outfit. Why when I was in Pearl Harbor—"

"Yes, I know, you used to have your 'boots' paint the head one week and scrape it off again the next just for EPD."

John, Jane, and all the little Gizmos have finished the ordeal of policing up themselves and the house before breakfast and are now sitting down to morning chow, as John asks:

"Down the Joe and side arms Janie—you know there's nothing like the Java we used to get back at the base in Dago. That stuff really was powerful. Why, when we would run out of Diesel fuel for our 'Cats' we would just brew up a tank of GI coffee and use it for a couple of days till we got our supplies from the QM."

"Hold on John—you'll have the kids tryin' out some of these Gooney ideas of yours. Hey, Hashmark, take it easy on the Red Lead. Just because your old man uses

it to float his hash is no sign you gotta use it on your cereal. Goldbrick, stop dislocating Fifi's fingers. Just ask her for the sugar. She'll give it to you. You don't have to use Raider tactics around here—save them for your little playmates."

With no serious casualties the meal is finished. Mama Gizmo gives her dear little Leatherheads a loving clout on the ear as she sends them off for another happy day of play at the rifle range.

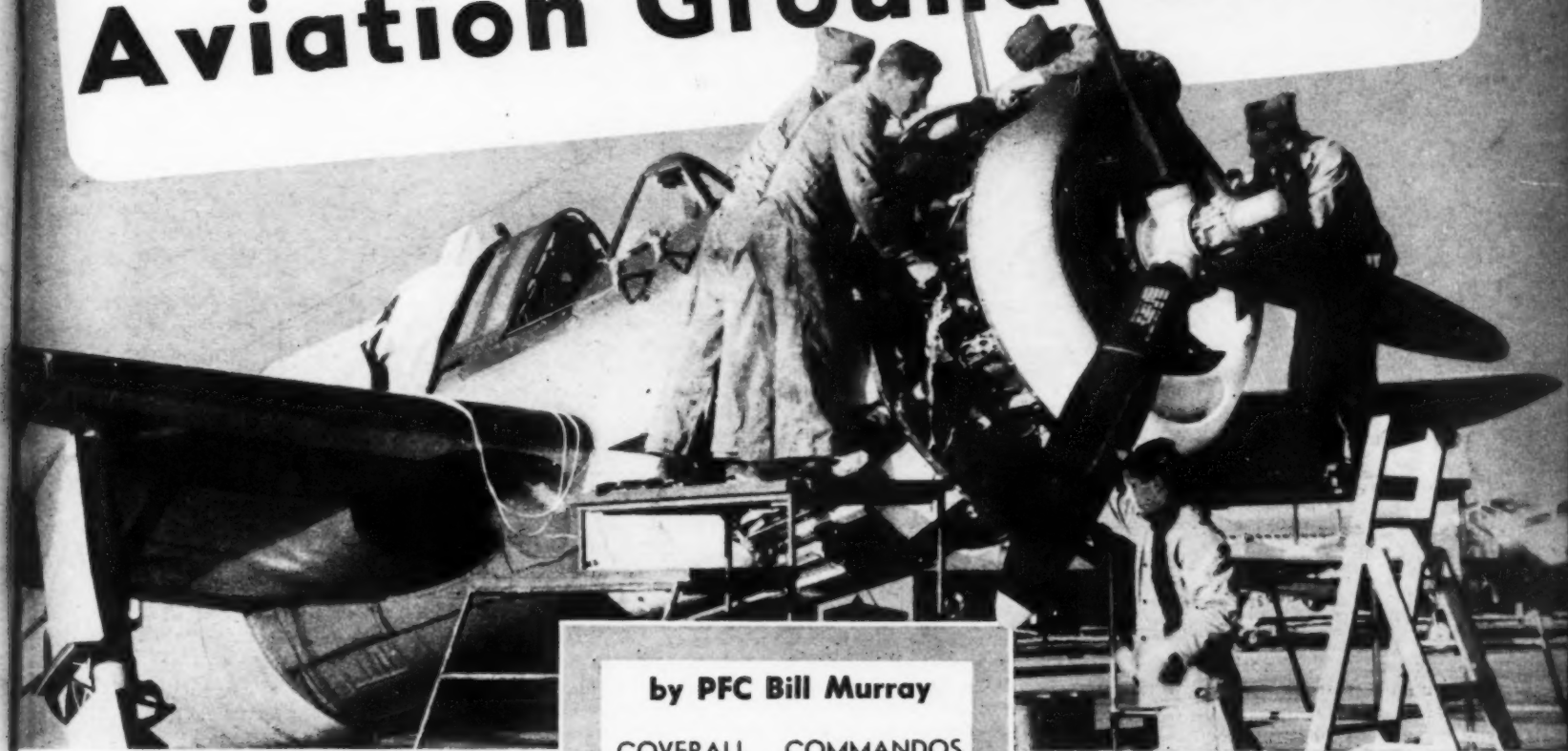
Instead of the plain inefficient civilian way of doing things, the new order will be a round of bulletins and details. There is no end to the possibilities for a family where the two "top kicks" have had hand-to-hand combat training. Someone is bound to be on the report every day.

Where, oh where have the gallant days of knighthood gone. Don't tell me, I read Time magazine, too. What I want to know is: who is going to stand and watch a battle-scarred regiment of male Marines come marching down Broadway when the parade is led by a company of girl gyrenes swinging smartly down the street? Well, all I can say is: "Hi Ya Sis. . ."

End

Meet Your
Marine Corps

Aviation Ground Crews



by PFC Bill Murray

COVERALL COMMANDOS
HELP BLAST JAPS; YANK
ZERO BUILT FROM SCRAP
DESTROYS 5 NIP PLANES

ALL ZEROS don't fight on the side of the Japs. Lurking in the clouds above the Solomons looking for Nip prey is a Zero-Zero, a Marine plane which blasted five Japs in her first three weeks in the air.

This Zero-Zero is not of Japanese make. It's a mixed American breed, pieced together by skillful Marine ground crewmen from parts found in a Guadalcanal "boneyard."

Zero-Zero's mother was a Corsair fighter which ground-looped during a landing at Henderson field. Nothing remained after the crash but the fuselage. Undamaged parts from a dozen other wrecked ships provided the motor, tail assembly, wings and landing gear. Each of the three blades of her "prop" come from different propellers.

Marine ground mechanics had learned the technique of taking them apart and putting them back together at Midway. There they even used chewing gum and sealing wax for glue and hairpins for cotter keys. Added were ample dashes of Yankee ingenuity.

But Zero-Zero's birth did not come without a few pangs. At the first test hop, the anxious ground crewmen stood by and saw her motor cut out at 300 feet. Zero-Zero ground-looped again and the mechanics went back to the "boneyard" to do the job all over once more.

The next time she responded promptly

and in less than three weeks five Jap flags were emblazoned on her fuselage.

Ground crews who can build a top-flight plane out of scraps just don't happen. You can't put any group of men together and expect skilled performance. Marine ground crews have been trained hard and long and have had a great deal of practice as teams long before entering the combat zone.

The prospective ground or air crew member must go through boot camp to learn the significance of the rifle, the misery of the boondocks and other Marine lessons.

After completing his boot training, he is assigned to the Marine air station at

Cherry Point, N. C., or San Diego for a very short classification period.

If he is to be trained as an aviation machinist's mate or metalsmith, the recruit goes to Jacksonville, Memphis, Chicago or San Diego. Air crewmen are trained at other centers, the radiomen going to Chicago or San Diego. Ordnance men go to Chicago, Purcell, Okla., or Yellow Water, Fla.

Entering AMM school, the Marine student is introduced to a two-week basic course in field stripping and fixing .30 caliber machine guns. He also has primary classwork in mechanical drawing, semaphore, blinkers and a short course in mathematics.

Next comes the airplane phase, which is taught in three sections. First, the recruit hears a series of lectures on basic flying principles and aircraft structural details.

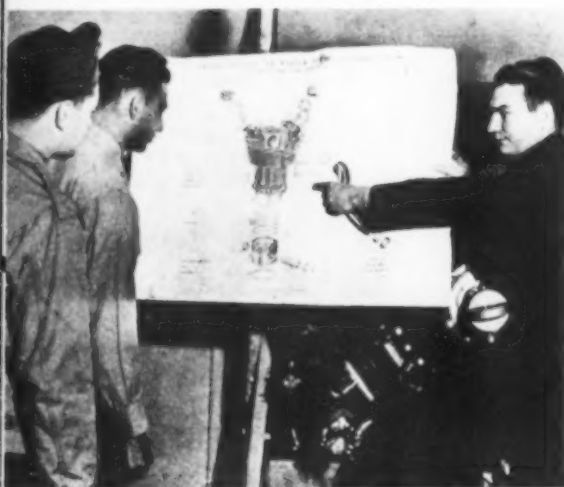
(Turn Page)



These Marine "grease-monkeys" present a smart military appearance at muster



His wrench and pliers are new weapons to help blast the Japs from the skies



If he plans to become a good mechanic he must learn plane motors inside out



Rehearsal for victory. Student ground crewmen practice the fine art of bomb-loading. They hope to load bombs for the "Tokyo Express" in the near future

He also receives some practical shop work and a course on aviation history.

Next, he studies hydraulics, aircraft brakes, fuselage and instruments. The third and final step deals with the assembly and disassembly of aircraft. The recruit learns to take a plane apart, look for defects and then to assemble it again. Included in this unit is a course on the use of fabric in covering structural parts.

The student then enters the engine phase of his AMM training. All practical operations of plane engines and study of magnetos, propellers and trouble-shooting are included.

In the operations phase, he daily inspects planes and actually goes through aircraft maintenance procedure. He learns the proper method to wash a plane, how to start and taxi a plane on a carrier deck or runway. The recruit also is instructed in aircraft recognition and spends a week on instrument work.

If the student has been selected for metalsmith training, he goes through practically the same schedule as an AMM but emphasis is placed on welding, metallurgy and riveting. He also will study plating, anodizing and other corrosion-proofing because most of his work will be done on or near salt water.

Assigned to radio training, the recruit finds himself in a totally strange field. The "da-da-dit" of code sounds like a foreign language to the beginner. But by the time he has completed his course, he can recognize those "da-da-dits" as words at the rate of from 16 to 18 per minute. In radio school, the student also learns visual signalling, because his radio may be silenced in combat zones for security purposes.

The ordnance man in the air crew follows the same general study pattern. After a textbook phase, he goes to work probing the many mysteries of .30 and .50 caliber machine guns. He learns the name, function and possible trouble-points of every part.

The ordnance student also is taught the proper sight alignment rules, how to synchronize guns with whirling propellers, and the various types and uses of bombs, explosives and ammunition. He even studies the art of bombing and could probably run off a good bombing score himself.

Until the present war, the combat aircraft of the Marine Corps were almost entirely single-engined planes. As the war progressed, however, the need for expanding the operating phase of Marine aviation became more apparent. A twin-engined plane, capable of long-range operations, fortunately was being used by the Army and proved itself equal to the job Marines had cut out for themselves.

⬤ Landing wheels must be in top shape and call for rigid inspection daily

Morning warm up. Ground crews start working at crack of dawn





This Marine bomber needs no ration stamps to get gasoline for its "pleasure" riding

That plane is the North American "Billy Mitchell" bomber, known to the Army as the B-25 but to Marines as the PBJ or patrol bomber.

Obviously the adoption of the PBJ made it necessary to supply crews trained on that particular plane. Since a large number of the bombers were to be put into operation, the methods for training crewmen had to be speeded up.

To accomplish this, a large scale operational program was set up. Known at first as Operational Training Squadron 8, it has recently been renamed Marine Operational Training Group 81 and moved from Cherry Point to Edenton, N. C.

Having completed technical training, the recruit just out of AMM school goes to Edenton for polishing before being assigned to a combat team and placed in the Marine Wing replacement pool.

The student has demonstrated his ability to acquire technical skill, now he must prove he can apply that skill to actual combat flying.

At AMM school, the recruit learned how to assemble and repair all types of planes. Here at MOTG-81, he will concentrate on the PBJ. A bomber must have ground crewmen as well as pilots and air crewmen to function properly and effectively.

When the recruit ground crewman arrives at MOTG-81, he is feeling pretty salty. Probably he has spent all of two weeks in a PBJ outfit keeping out of somebody's way, although he may have spent a number of years in Marine aviation.

It matters little whether he has only

the experience of AMM school or has spent years around aircraft because an entirely new airplane is being studied and extensive training is required.

Orientation of the ground crewman is the first step in the MOTG-81 training program. This is followed by general familiarization with the PBJ.

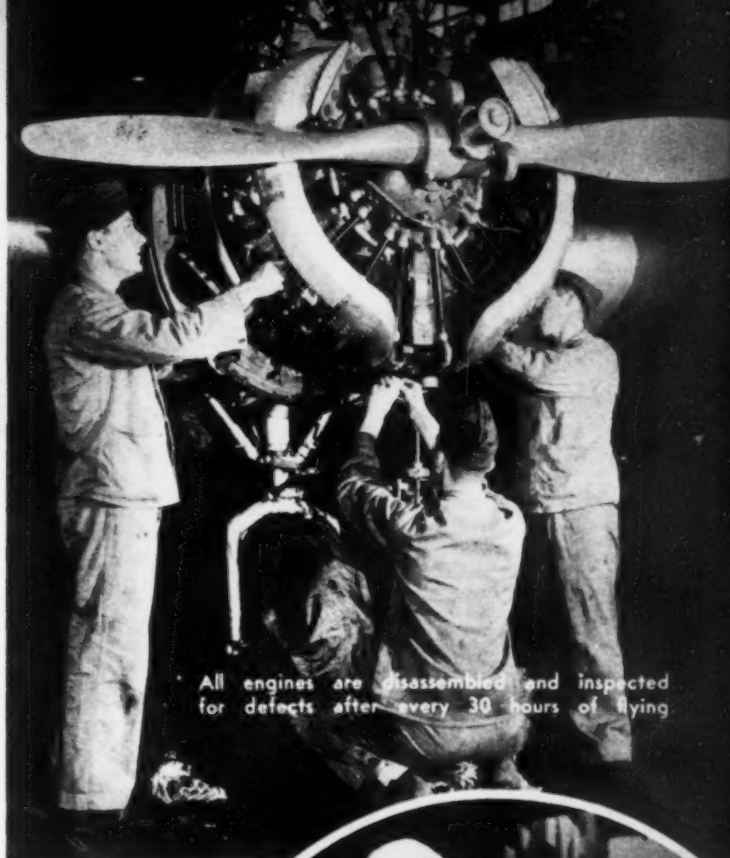
From that point on throughout the following six weeks of classroom and semi-practical work, every unit of the PBJ is covered.

Structure and assembly are the first major courses covered; then surface controls, hydraulics, electrical systems, instruments, anti-icing, de-icing, propellers, fuel and oil systems, engines and accessories, along with trouble-shooting.

In the meantime, training as a basic Marine is not neglected. The recruit falls out at 0600 for combat conditioner exercises. At 1600, he spends an hour in team sports at the MOTG-81 athletic field. Musters must be attended promptly, drill must have military snap and precision. Expert coaches teach him Judo and he gets frequent samples of amphibious landing hazards.

Finally the awaited moment arrives—Graduation Day. The student is through with the classroom but he isn't ready yet for combat. First, he will serve two weeks "on the line" servicing planes and learning to work in harmony with other crewmen.

When he leaves MOTG-81 for the Wing replacement pool, he is ready for action. End

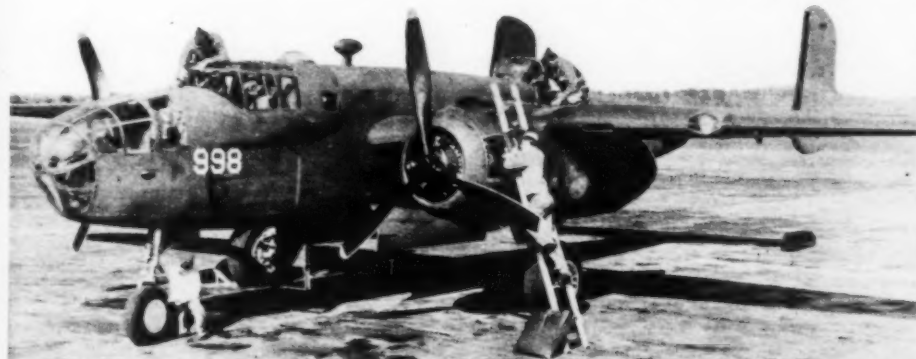


All engines are disassembled and inspected for defects after every 30 hours of flying



"She sings like a top" says the pilot in making report on flight inspection

"Know your enemy" is the watchword in this class for recognizing Jap planes



Combat ground crew work calls for a lot of team play. When a plane returns from a mission, each man in the crew must do his job quickly and dependably



**YOU CAN HELP WIPE OUT MALARIA BY MAKING
THE FIGHT AGAINST IT YOUR PERSONAL JOB**

MALARIA has felled more Marines than the combined air, sea and ground forces of the Japs. A few already are dead. Others may die. Many will recover but others will suffer the tortures of malaria in recurring attacks for the rest of their lives.

Far more devastating than anything the Japs have been able to throw against us, malaria has knocked out 70 per cent of some Marine units. It has sapped the strength of our most rugged fighters and sent them into the sick bay broken and fevered. It has sent hundreds more back to the States as periodic invalids who may be years in recovering. In some units 25 per cent have been stricken with malaria while on the front lines.



In some Marine units 7 out of 10 men have been malaria victims

Malaria is taking such a toll today because we have failed to recognize it for the threat that it is—a threat to the immediate health and lives of our fighting men and to the ultimate winning of the war.

Only a vigorous offensive, waged now and waged by each individual Marine as his personal responsibility, can stamp out this silent enemy.



Malaria has hit 4 out of 10 in units actually in combat

Malaria has been a foe of civilized man since the beginning of history. It is believed by historians to have been introduced into Greece about the time of the Greek invasions of Asia and Africa by slaves or sick soldiers returning to their homes. Other historians say that malaria as much as anything else led to the downfall of Greek civilization.

It also played a part in the Spanish-American war. Along with yellow fever, malaria halted the construction of the Panama Canal for 75 years. In the Macedonian campaign of 1916 it brought a halt to hostilities between the Germans and the combined British and French forces.

At one stage the French Army could put only 30,000 out of

BEFORE



In areas where malaria used to strike six men, control measures have reduced the toll to but one man

AFTER



**Of the
World's
Population
Malaria Hits
40%
Annually**

120,000 men in the field. Ninety thousand m British in the same campaign had 100,000 cases.

In the German East African campaign of 50,000 men, there were 120,000 hospital cases. In the hospital an average of two and one-half men died.

Preventive measures that are used today. The first factual data on the disease came at that time.

MALARIA
Our Silent

We have learned that malaria is transmitted by the anopheles mosquito which breeds in stagnant water. The mosquito does not hum; it does not buzz. It is a home variety. You may not even realize that it is too late.

Malaria lays up the average man from this may continue over many months as the stages; cold, hot and sweating.

In the cold stage you get a shiver, feel tense thirst. One cold shiver follows another.

In the second stage you find yourself feeling fever soon starts.

In the last or sweating stage you do just fever and sleep.

And the same conditions are repeated with reoccur from time to time.

Here are a few simple countermeasures the disease and fit to fight:

- 1—Use your mosquito bars and nets.
- 2—Keep your sleeves and trousers rolled



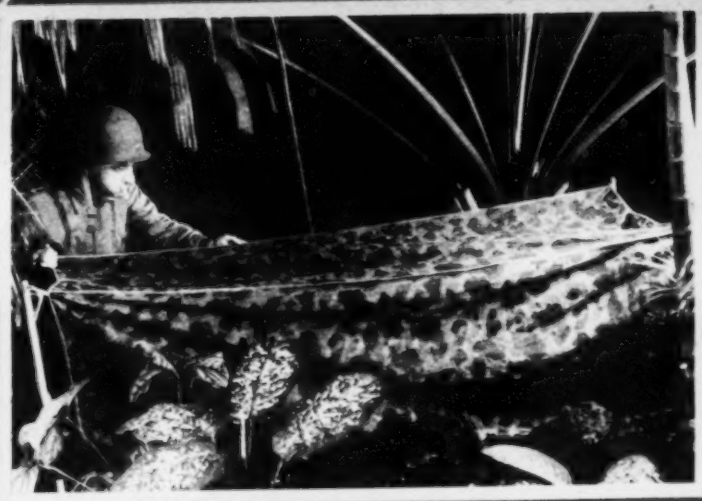
inety thousand men were down with malaria. The campaign had 100,000 cases in 1916 and 70,000 one year later. The campaign of 1916-17, of an Allied strength of 1,000,000 men, had 10,000 hospital cases. This means that every man was down one and one-half times! At an expense today were not used in those days. The use came out of medical studies made at

MALARIA

Let Enemy

By Pvt. Tom Davis

Malaria is transmitted by the bite of the female mosquito. It has bitten a person with the disease. It does not tend to itch or swell like the bite of a bee. You do not realize that you have been bitten until it is too late. The disease comes on from seven to 12 days at the start and may last as long as the disease reoccurs. It hits in three stages. In the first stage you get a headache, feel tired and vomit and suffer in general. In the second stage you feel hot and your skin gets red. In the third stage you do just that. There is a cessation of the attacks. The attacks are repeated with varied intensity as the attacks reoccur. There are a number of precautions you can follow to keep free of malaria. Use mosquito bars and keep your collar buttoned.



Set up your mosquito nets and bars

Do These Five Things Yourself

They will help you avoid Malaria



Kill mosquitoes with bombs



Keep your clothes buttoned



Take atabrine as prescribed



Use issue repellents on body



3—Use issue repellents on exposed parts of your body, face, hands and neck.

4—Use G. I. sprays and bombs to kill mosquitoes wherever possible.

5—Take atabrine as it is prescribed as a matter of personal responsibility.

We'll presume you are going to keep your body covered from now on. The next step is to use repellents issued to you through the malaria control units assigned to each division. If none are passed out ask for them.

Among those available to you is one that will last about 400 minutes. Its odor is not bad, nor is it greasy or sticky. It will not hamper you in the use of any weapon.

When you "hit the sack" or flop down in a foxhole during a lull in the fighting you should hoist your mosquito net. A single bite may mean that you will be out of action **WITHIN A WEEK OR 10 DAYS.**

Take atabrine pills and take them faithfully. Atabrine is a malaria suppressive non-harmful drug made from dyes and used as a substitute for quinine. It will turn your skin yellow.



Malaria control units are on the job in many zones and part of their job is to eliminate mosquito breeding areas

However, all the drug does is to stop the chills and fever and keep you in fighting trim. It will **NOT** prevent you from getting malaria. Only personal protection against the malaria mosquito will do that.

Men have been warned to stay away from swimming places at night, when the mosquito is active. They have been urged to douse themselves with whatever repellent is at hand before taking off for a movie.

In each battalion there are three men assigned to carry knapsack sprayers and shovels, and these men spray with oil or insecticide every puddle of water, foxhole, tent, building and corner where the mosquito or larvae may lurk.

Touching on these preventive steps, Commander Brown stated:

"The number of anti-malaria control personnel in the field constantly is being increased. In the Southwest Pacific there

are more than 1200 men fighting malaria, not counting medical and Marine personnel. The facts on our progress naturally are considered secret information."

But that progress is being made is shown in a report that rigid malaria control discipline on one island reduced the total number of cases by 83 per cent after suppressive measures had been under way for one year.

The enemy is known to be waging the same kind of grim battle. Hundreds of Japs have been found dead in the field—the victims of malaria mosquitoes. Out of a group of 20 Japanese prisoners examined recently, 18 were found to have malaria. From the condition of other prisoners it was apparent that the disease played an important part in the Japanese defeats in the Solomons.

Army troops in the South Pacific also have encountered the dread mosquito.

Behind the work at the battlefield is medical research on the home front. Some of this is being carried on at Fort Knox, Kentucky, while other experiments are being conducted under the auspices of the National Institute of Health in Washington, D. C.

Researchers are known to be working on a fluid which can be used to inoculate persons against malaria in the same manner as one is inoculated against typhoid fever.

Scientists also are seeking a better drug to counteract malaria. This drug will be an improvement on atabrine; have greater suppressive action and stop the rate of relapses. Still another experiment deals with an insecticide which will kill the mosquito in the larval stage. It is reported to have great sustained killing power and is in the form of an emulsion.

While all of these things are in the experimental stage it is essential that a man take the simple precautions that will insure his staying on his feet. With the great strides which have been made in surgical techniques it is far easier to return the average wounded man to health than it is to care for one who goes down with malaria. The chances of the wounded man are greater than in any previous war and will continue to improve as modern science moves ahead.

Scientists the world over, Allied and Axis, working night and day, so far have failed to come up with a cure for malaria. But they will continue their work because of its tremendous military importance.

In the opinion of some of the foremost military men in the world, and this includes combat as well as medical officers, the side that comes up first with a cure, or with the best preventative for malaria, will have a distinct advantage in the fighting that still lies ahead. While scientists keep up the search, the fight for malaria prevention rests with all of us. It is a fight that we can and must win.



Behind the work of malaria control units is much scientific research

End

Sprays as well as bombs are used in the fight against the dread mosquito

Atabrine tastes a little bitter; the pills are not chocolate-coated like those you had at home. There also is the scuttlebutt that atabrine will cause sexual impotence. Any doctor readily will affirm this is pure bunk.

The pills do have a tendency to cause upset stomach when taken before chow. Therefore, swallow a pill after you have eaten.

Commander Omar J. Brown, medical corps, USN, who fought the disease from the Volga Valley in Russia to Cuba and the United States, said recently in Washington:

"Many times medical officers in the field have gone by mess halls and seen yellow spots on the ground. We know some of the boys have been spitting out the pills because that's what made the yellow spots."

He left this warning:

"All these boys are doing is courting a lot of days in sick bay."

Atabrine will keep the malaria parasites in your blood from multiplying and reduce the chills and fever. It also will prevent you from becoming a source of infection to your buddies.

Maestro of Maul



JACOBS

PROMOTER MIKE JACOBS SAYS HE'D BE INTERESTED IN SOME MEN WHO KNOW HOW TO BOX

By SSgt. Robert H. Myers

EVERYONE knows that Mike Jacobs is the coldest, shrewddest and richest man in boxing, so when the old bald-headed, beady-eyed maestro of maul gives forth with his opinions on the game and its future, when all the shooting is over, it's well worth absorbing.

We called on Uncle Mike one dreary, rainy day, and found him anking around the suite of his 20th Century Sporting Club on Broadway, not far from the famed Citadel of Punch, Madison Square Garden. 20th Century is Mike's own organization and headquarters; it is the official company, owned lock, stock and mouthpiece by Jacobs, which puts on all the boxing shows in the Garden, or any other place where Mike stages a fight.



Jacobs isn't given to long talk. If words were a dollar apiece and you asked Mike for a statement, you'd probably get short changed. He isn't abrupt; he just doesn't waste words. And he's always on the move. One minute he'll be out in the lobby of his suite, in front of the ticket windows; the next he'll be in one of the tiny, smoke-filled rooms out of public reach, listening to some manager like Al Weill or Jimmy Johnston shooting the breeze with New York boxing writers or the Jacobs press agent, Harry Markson. Three minutes later Jacobs may have disappeared entirely, and the next time anyone hears from him he's over at his big farm in Jersey. It's hard to pin Uncle Mike down for long.

During the course of an hour or so of this maneuvering, we managed to catch what might be called a rambling interview with Mr. J. We were curious, of course, as to what he thought of boxing in its war and post war aspects, and what he thought of Marines in this general picture.

It was no surprise that Mike likes the Marine encouragement of boxing. He knows that boxing is a game for fighting men; that even mastery of the primary teachings may save a man's life, may kill a Jap. Mike doesn't bother to knock such sports as football, baseball or other major sports. If there are those who think these sports are essential for war's fighting men, it's okay with Mike. But he is certain that boxing, or as he better terms it, fighting, is the best training of all.

"You Marines have got a few good fighters in there now," he commented, rubbing a palm over his slick dome. He mentioned a couple of ex-champions, Tommy Loughran and Barney Ross. He mentioned those because they were the first ones to enter his

mind. After all, they were world champs, and Mike doesn't bother much with anyone unless he's a topnotcher.

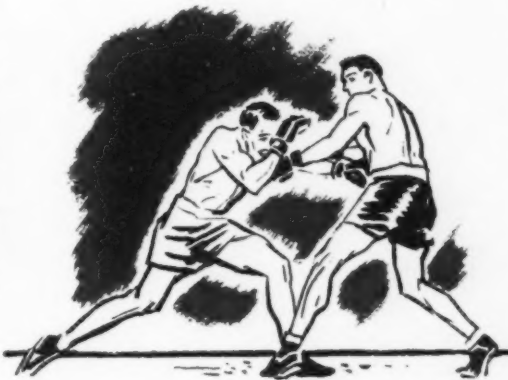
"You guys had another young fellow in the last war who won the title," he continued. "The title" meant the heavyweight crown, of course, and he could refer to no one except a master boxer and ex-Leatherneck named Gene Tunney.

"Sure," he went on, "I'd say we'll get some more champions out of the Marines in this war, and if they're half as good as they've been in the South Pacific, they'll be the greatest champs of all times."

What about the present array of champions? Will they come back to rule their divisions, or will some unknown come along and knock 'em off? Jacobs' answer was simple and logical. It all depends on when the war is over. If it winds up soon, the titleholders, headed by Joe Louis, should be sitting pretty. But the longer the war goes on, the less secure their crowns will be. Age doesn't wait on anything, including a world war.

What about post-war interest in boxing?

That, quite naturally, is a subject dear to the Jacobs heart. No one has ever accused Mike of altruism in one of the toughest rackets of them all, nor has Jacobs ever pretended to be a Santa Claus. He went into boxing for the dough, and he got it. As a side note, it might be added that some of Jacobs' sharpest critics, who have screamed and written bloody murder be-



cause Mike was getting rich, weren't above going around to the Jacobs back door and getting their share of the gravy.

Post-war interest, which means customers with cash in their hand, will boom for boxing, Jacobs believes. Certainly the game boomed after the last war, and Uncle Mike believes it'll do even better after this one.

"Thousands and thousands of men have been taught something about boxing in their military training. They probably didn't know a thing about it before. When they go back to civilian life, they'll be interested in boxing."

"People ask me if there will ever be another million-dollar gate? I tell 'em sure. Lot's of 'em. Wait and see."

Uncle Mike should know about million-dollar gates. He's the smartest guy that ever hit the sport (and some say "hit" is peculiarly appropriate in his case), and that goes for the fabulous, more colorful and possibly more popular late Tex Rickard. As a matter of fact, Uncle Mike was the man-behind-the-scenes of Rickard's greatest promotions. He was Rickard's ticket man all through those golden years when Tex was ushering in the million-dollar era of boxing—that is, Tex and a mauler from Manassa named Jack Dempsey.



After Rickard died Jacobs moved on up to the front office, and took charge. Tex used to stand back in the Garden, watch the thousands file in and comment that it was "the damndest thing I ever see'd," and Mike can, at times, match his fractured grammar. But Mike has let the chips and the participles fall where they would and gone on to make a success of promoting boxing. He has been cursed and bedamned; he's been called a money-grabbing, tight-fisted so-and-so; an octopus who drew everything boxing had to New York and left the rest of the country barren of main event talent. Some of this is so, and some isn't. Whatever the answer is, Mike Jacobs is the most powerful figure in the history of the ring.

After awhile we left Mike's office. He was outside taking a gander at the ticket line. Mike can usually take one look at a line, multiply its length by five, clack his store teeth a couple of times and tell you within \$1.50 how much folding money he'll have in the house Friday night. His parting request as we left was:

"If you see any good looking prospects in the Marines, lemme know. I could use a few good fighters right now."

End

Letter to a Fighting Man

GALLOWHUR CHEMICAL CORPORATION

WINDSOR, VERMONT

SEND REPLY TO

250 EAST 4TH STREET
NEW YORK 17, N.Y.
(LINDEN 8-3723)

December 14, 1945

Pfc. Maynard Ryan
A.E.S. #12, U.S.M.C.I.S.
Quantico, Virginia

Dear Maynard:

We were sorry to lose you to the service because we felt you had a big wartime responsibility here at the plant. Of course we had to replace you because we are up to our eyes in war work which must go on; but now we can see the end of the war and victory in sight, so think it is time to give a promise to you and to the other men who are in the service.

We, the Gallowhur Chemical Corporation, promise that after the war is over we will provide jobs for twenty-five percent more employees than we now have, and that this percentage will be made up entirely of men selected from the services.

We will also extend all of these cooperative benefits:

1. A share, over and above your wages and salaries, in the total net profits of the Gallowhur Chemical Corporation.
2. Free insurance and hospitalization.
3. Free retirement benefits.

This is our definite promise and pledge, and it is the strongest way we know to assert our belief that service men rate a priority in our post war planning.

I am writing this same letter to every former Gallowhur employee, now in the service. You can also tell your buddies about us and pass the word along that applications are in order. But make it clear we are a hard-working group, and have no soft jobs available.

The best of luck to you, and I want you to know that we miss you and expect you back here in the company with us.

Sincerely yours,
GALLOWHUR CHEMICAL CORPORATION

George Gallowhur
George Gallowhur
President

GG:McC

SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES SKOL COMPANY INC GALLOWHUR & CO INC

WHAT THIS OFFER MEANS

The Gallowhur Chemical Corporation is a moderate-sized organization which employs men and women in laboratories, plants and offices in New York and Vermont. The 25% pledge will not provide jobs for a large number of returning soldiers, sailors and marines, but remember this: American industry and business is made up of thousands of moderate-sized organizations like ours, representing in the aggregate a tremendous potential source of jobs after victory.

TO PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYEES

These are some of the classifications of employees we shall want as soon as the war is won:

1. Creative research chemists
2. Creative research engineers
3. Junior sales executives
4. Mechanically inclined factory hands

If you have any questions, write to us—Gallowhur Chemical Corporation, Windsor, Vermont.

OUR PRODUCTS

Our products to date include:

SKOL, in lotion or cream form, the world's largest selling suntan preparation. Before the war it was manufactured in 16 different countries.

SKAT, an insect-repelling liquid that has protected you from malaria. More than 100,000,000 bottles of it have been sold within the last eighteen months.

PURATIZED. It makes materials lastingly anti-septic and mildew-resistant—extends their life.

SUNSTILL. A light, pocket-sized solar still for making pure drinking water from either salt or contaminated water.

SKOG. A no-fog preparation for windshields of automobiles, boats, and airplanes; also for use on house windows, eyeglasses and bathroom mirrors.

WHY THIS MESSAGE IS APPEARING IN NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES

We believe there are millions of jobs in businesses of all sizes awaiting the return of our boys from the armed services. We would like to see definite offers of such jobs made, right now, to dispel any doubts or fears our fighting men have about the future; and to keep our home-front responsibilities to the fore. We hope our promise may encourage other firms, large and small, to join with us to guarantee good times when peace comes again.

GALLOWHUR CHEMICAL CORPORATION
WINDSOR, VERMONT



A Long Way

by Lt. Col. Ruth Cheney Streeter

BIRTHDAYS are milestones. And milestones are a time for looking forward and for looking back.

This month, on February 13th, the Marine Corps Women's Reserve celebrates its first birthday. And as we celebrate it, there is this in our minds: the Women's Reserve has come a long way since that other February 13th a year ago.

Be a Marine! Free a Marine To Fight!—that was the challenge that went forth to the women of America.

And today the answer to that challenge is plain. From the thirteen thousand women now entered on Marine Corps rolls, it comes: "I am a Marine!"

From all walks of life they have joined us—at the rate of more than a thousand a month. Factory workers, PhDs, stenographers, accountants, journalists, lawyers, school teachers, saleswomen, clerks . . . And the Marine Corps has taken them, trained them in its ways, put their skills to work, given them new skills if need be. The fruit of this endeavor is now apparent. The women in forest green are already manning more than 125 different type jobs at more than 50 Marine Corps posts and stations in the United States. And they are doing it with an alacrity, a skill, a thoroughness that is Marine!

Yes, we have come a long way.

A long way, and a hard way, too. For the road has been beset with difficulty, with the necessity for compromise and the too-quick decision. And few have been the sign posts of precedent to guide us.

But whatever the mistakes (and there have been some), whatever the obstacles (and there have been many), the accomplishment is great.

For Marine women are on the job from Quantico to San Diego, from Minneapolis to New Orleans. You may see them in their neat green uniforms in the spic-and-span procurement office, or in their olive-drab overalls in the dusty windiness of airports. They are packing parachutes, manning control towers, operating Link trainers, instructing in fixed and aerial gunnery, driving busses and trucks, taking weather readings, acting as aerologists, radio operators, plumbers, carpenters, draftsmen, finger-printers, mapmakers, metalsmiths, electricians, welders, storekeepers, stenographers, clerks, communications workers. . . . The list is almost as endless as the total needs of the Corps.

Indoctrinated in the Women's Reserve Schools at Camp Lejeune, they are steeped



Checking Planes in Flight Is One Job Which Women Marines Have Taken Over



From Stereoscopic Photos They Make Contour Maps for the Ground Forces



And in MT Garages They Clean Spark Plugs. They're Good Drivers as Well

in Marine tradition and general "know-how" of the Corps. Subsequently, if selected, they may acquire the more specific techniques taught at the specialist schools—radio operation at Oxford, Ohio, for instance, aircraft maintenance at Norman, Okla., photography at Cherry Point, N. C., storekeeping at Milledgeville, Ga., sound motion picture operation at San Diego, Cal., Link trainer instruction at Atlanta, Ga., motor transport at Camp Lejeune.

They are staffing their own schools, maintaining their own areas, performing their own guard duty.

And those Leathernecks who were at first disapproving are now silent. Those who were skeptical now clamor: "Where are our women Marines? Send us some women Marines!"

And that is our reward—those words: "Send us some women Marines!"

They make the long way we have come in this short year a good way. They make contemplation of the way that still lies ahead, a deep satisfaction.

End

YOUR LIFE IS TOUGH ENOUGH

without these irritations!



There's no "sick call" for cracked, bleeding, chapped hands, but they HURT! Try Medicated Noxzema; see how quickly it relieves, helps heal; it's greaseless, too; won't stain.



A Marine discovery! Noxzema Specially Prepared for Shaving, before lathering or as a brushless, softens tough beard, gives a smooth, easy shave even with cold water.



Ever try to work when you're chafed and sore? Rub Noxzema on these tender spots; see how soothing, cooling it is; how quickly it helps heal; helps prevent chafing, too.

IT TOOK servicemen to strip away non-essentials and ask for the things that really count. That's why scores write home for the Medicated Skin Cream, Noxzema. For this one jar of soothing, medicated cream brings relief to so many minor externally-caused skin troubles. Keep a jar of Noxzema on hand. Try it for sunburn, windburn, minor insect bites, minor burns, tired, burning feet.

See how quickly this cooling, soothing, medicated cream brings relief! It's greaseless, won't stain. Get it at your PX or any drug counter. 35¢, 50¢ and \$1.



Dear Leatherneck:

I sure am proud to be going home on a hero! Through your furlough, I'll stand by you just as I have on your off-duty hours at camp. Go on - walk me all over town! Dance on me all night! My W. L. Douglas workmanship can take it and give you back comfort! And, Boss, now's the time to buy another pair of Douglas Shoes. Invest in my Pal, the Wingate. That's him below - a guy in rich tan leather. Boy, won't your segoonya go for his smart military styling!

Yours for good looks and long wear,

Your W. L. Douglas Shoe



\$6.50
\$8.50

Some styles \$5.50



THE WINGATE

Tan leather - "Douglas-Flex" sole for longer wear, greater comfort and flexibility. No. 4516.

W. L. Douglas Shoes



Stores in Principal Cities
Good Dealers Everywhere

BUY WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY

Hope at Dago

THE "SRO" SIGN WAS HUNG OUT EARLY WHEN THOUSANDS TURNED OUT TO SEE BOB'S SHOW

A LARGE shiny sedan drove up to the main gate at the Marine Base at San Diego and the driver, a man with an unbelievable nose, leaned out and smiled at the guard on duty. Then, without bothering with any further formalities, the man with the funny looking nose blurted, "Where's the joint?" The guard, standing stiffly at the side of the machine, didn't bat an eye and replied, "Straight ahead, turn to your left—and give me your autograph." Bob Hope did, and drove on in.

This was Hope's third annual visit to the San Diego Base. The visit was no different from the previous two—the "joint," or the huge theater with its 2500 seating capacity, wasn't nearly large enough to handle the Marines who wanted to see the Hope show.

Next morning Major Harry Maynard, recreation officer at the base and a veteran of Hope's two previous appearances, reported that several doors into the theater seemed to be missing from their hinges. The sergeant of the guard was upset, too.

Accompanied by his brother Jack, Hope breezed into the auditorium for a rehearsal. He waved at his singer, Frances Langford, bug-eyed Jerry Colonna, his guest star of the evening, good looking Ida Lupino, and then spotted a couple of girl Marines sitting in the front row. He threw them an airy greeting—and stopped still. Both girls gave him the freeze. "Did I say something wrong?" he asked, very innocently. It wasn't until a little later that he discovered he had. He swore he was innocent and honestly didn't know they didn't like to be called BAMS, and he must have been telling the truth because the nickname had to be eliminated (at a lady lieutenant's urgent request) from the script of the show.

Hope, just back from his long and very hard trip through North Africa, Sicily and Italy, not to mention England, looked tired, but you'd never think so to watch him in action. We asked his brother how old Bob was, and he replied, "Bob's 39. We used to say he was 34—but that was before the war."

Brother Jack said they had almost been pinched on the ride down from Hollywood. Hope was wheeling along a little faster than the wartime 35 limit and all of a sudden a motor cop hauled up from behind and glared

in. It was a meek Hope who put on the brakes, and it was a stern looking policeman who walked over and said, "Mr. Hope, you're doing a great job, entertaining them boys in the service. Keep it up. Now git going, only be careful. This highway's got plenty of policemen watching out fer speed-



LANGFORD

ers." Hope wiped the perspiration off his brow and drove off. He didn't even have a funny crack to make.

It is seldom that Hope is caught without a gag, though. Once he happened to barge into a room filled with movie producers. He took one gander and flipped, "What's going on? Hitler's funeral?" Then there was the occasion around Easter when one of his jokes dropped like an egg. "We're laying our eggs in color this week," he quipped.

In Italy he was performing before 10,000 troops one night when he looked up and noticed the air was full of P-38's. He breathed a sigh of relief and cracked, "I wish I could have had protection like this when I was in vaudeville."

Rehearsals for the Hope show are as hectic as field day before an A. and I. As radio people term it, Hope's show is a "tight" one. That means it's timed to the split second. The NBC technicians in the control booth are haggard when Tuesdays become Wednesdays.

After the rehearsal, Bob talked awhile for our benefit. He told one of his favorite stories—about the time he first met General Jimmy Doolittle in Italy. Doolittle greeted him with "Hello, Jack. How's Mary?" To which Hope snapped back, "She's fine, and how have you been, General Spaatz?"

Bob Hope can be a very serious comedian, however. He is when he talks of the men in the armed forces.

The trips Hope, Frances Langford, Colonna and Guitarist Tony Romano took to Alaska and the Mediterranean were no picnics. They saw with their own eyes what goes on, and what goes on is no picnic. That's why Hope is dead serious.

"We want to keep on trying to entertain the boys. We want to go to the South Pacific next. I hope we make it."

We hope you do too, Hope.

End



HOPE

Hope in action - opposite page



Corporal Abe Merkovitz meets Frances Langford and Vera Vague



Hope displays his best "wolf" grin to the WR



PFC Albert Champion meets star Ida Lupino



Hope and Lupino "give" ★



We think the program looks interesting, too



Hope gives autograph to a waiting Mari



For Men who Shave Daily



**SPECIAL PREPARATION HELPS
PREVENT SHAVING IRRITATION**
Needs No Brush—Not Sticky or Greasy



Why risk the irritation that often comes from daily shaving—or put up with the nuisance of a wet shaving brush? To help solve these special problems of men in service, Williams has perfected Glider, a rich, soothing cream. Glider is like a vanishing cream—not sticky or greasy. And it needs no brush.

PROTECTS YOUR FACE

To use Glider, first wet your face, if conditions permit. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers—never a brush.

Instantly Glider softens and smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It forms a thin protective film between your razor and your face. Your blade's sharp edge glides over your skin . . . removing each completely softened whisker at the skin line *without scraping or irritation*.

SAVES TIME AND FUSS

Glider is invaluable to men in service. It saves time and fuss . . . and eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender skin. It leaves your face looking cleaner, feeling smoother.

Glider was developed by The J. B. Williams Company, makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years. Get some today.



How's Your IQ



You won't want to get in the sights of any of these babies, nor will you want to get them in your sights. They are all our'n. All are used by the Marine Corps as fighters, bombers or transports. To qualify for your shiny, super-deluxe, nickel-plated Marine Aircraft Spotter's badge, correctly identify eight of the nine below-photographed planes. If you get six correct, you'll rate the handsome bronze-plated badge and for only four you get a special T. S. slip.



1. _____



2. _____



3. _____



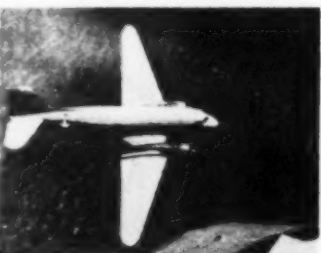
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9. _____

THE CIGARETTE RECOGNIZED BY DOCTORS—

*Scientifically proved less irritating
to the nose and throat*

A group of distinguished doctors made clinical tests with actual smokers—in which they found that:

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED.

This evidence—duly reported to the medical profession—certainly proves PHILIP MORRIS are far less irritating to the nose and throat. Try them—today!

Smoking enjoyment, on the way! You'll find PHILIP MORRIS are finer tasting—more enjoyable—besides being proved far more considerate of your nose and throat.



AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

Let it Sparkle



for quick relief in
HEADACHE...OCCASIONAL
UPSET STOMACH...
MUSCULAR ACHES
AND PAINS!

• No use being miserable with these common complaints when Alka-Seltzer can give such quick definite relief. Next time you stop at the drug store ask for Alka-Seltzer Tablets, in 60c or 30c packages. Or get Alka-Seltzer by the glass at the soda fountain.



Alka-Seltzer

WE—the Marines

WE KNOW a Marine who has been walking post each night in the women's area at the San Diego Marine Corps Base.

This boy is a private first class. His christian name is Melville. He doesn't want the folks in his home town to learn about his present job.

"I'm not complaining, understand," said Melville, "but it would just be sort of an anti-climax if they read about me doing guard duty at a women's barracks. The people in our town were nice to me when I joined the Corps. They gave me a going-away party and Mayor Cobble made a kind of speech about me and how many Japs I was going to kill, and Mr. Meyer, who owns the hardware store, gave me a good hunting knife."

Civilian males who may be visiting the base are not permitted in the area, and Melville had one of his busiest evenings recently when a movie company was making shots on the base. Just before sundown on this day, when Melville had started walking his post, the movie outfit quit work. Two prominent actors, dressed in camouflaged dungarees since they were supposed to be portraying Marine Raiders, started strolling through the women's area.

"I herded them guys out faster than they'd come in," said Melville, "and most of the girls who were on the street helped me out by not paying any attention at all to the movie guys. But two of them, a big, blonde corporal and a cute-looking, red-headed PFC, came charging out of the women's PX and asked the two movie guys for autographs. Well, nothing happened. I just politely told the girls to shove off—and they did."

"The girls are very good-natured about everything," he said, "except that they don't like to be called Bams."

Melville pointed toward a sign on his beat which read: "Beauty Shop."

"Isn't it a hell of a note," he said, "me joining this Marine Corps and expecting to ship out soon and here I am guarding a beauty parlor and a girls dormitory."

As we left, Melville again urged us not to use his last name if we wrote about him.

"Mr. Meyer might want his hunting knife back if he heard about what I'm doing here in Dago," said Melville.



Maybe this will give you an idea of what a cosmopolitan city San Diego is:

We were walking through the Plaza with a gunnery sergeant from Tulsa, Okla. A tall, dark-haired, handsome girl in slacks arose from a park bench and gave the gunnery sergeant a large hug. They sat down on the bench and started talking in long-time-no-see fashion. So we moseyed on.

The next day we asked the gunny: "That was a good-looking girl you met in the park. Is she an Indian from Oklahoma?"

"Heck, no," replied the gunnery sergeant. "She's from Samoa and I used to know her in Pago-Pago."

Our friend Yarbo Martinez, a sheepherder for 30 years at the Rancho Santa Margarita, says he was a happier man before the huge ranch was turned over to the Marine Corps and became Camp Joseph H. Pendleton.

Yarbo recently was an unwilling assistant to a rather brilliant military maneuver. A group of Marine Raiders had the combat problem of capturing a forewarned and well-fortified "outpost" on a little hill in San Onofre Canyon. The Raiders were supposed to take the hill by 0300 hours and this began to look like an impossible task until a platoon sergeant happened to think of Mr. Martinez and his sheep.

The platoon sergeant persuaded him to drive his flock slowly by the hill. A number of the Raiders crept and crawled along with the sheep, sprang up when they got to the hill and captured the surprised Marines of the outpost.



Mr. Martinez has considerable respect for Marines in general, but he is convinced that certain members of the Corps are decidedly on the eccentric side. In this group he lists the combat engineers at Camp Pendleton.

"I see these fellows out in hot sun the other day," said Yarbo. "All day they work building bridges. And then what you think they do with the bridges?"

Mr. Martinez paused to get his breath, and continued: "These fellows put dynamite under every bridge and blow them all to hal!"

It looks as if there is going to be a "cycle" of pictures about Marine Raiders. This autumn the movie cameras have been grinding all over the San Diego area and if you don't watch where you're going you're liable to step right out on a movie set anywhere around the main Marine Base or out at Camp Pendleton.

A serious-minded young drill instructor at the San Diego recruit depot had just finished reading off a couple of boys he supposed were boots. The two boys were dressed in dungarees and khaki overseas caps and they were lounging on the lawn near the public relations office.

They must have had a very boot-like look about them for the DI addressed them as follows:

"What platoon are you people in? Don't you know you're not supposed to be out here on this lawn."

One of the boys lying on the lawn confessed, humbly:

"We're actors."

Elaine Shepard

A careful examination of the opposite page reveals the secret of her success.



Men of the Corps



BALD

One of the most decorated men in the Marine Corps, Master Gunnery Sergeant Edward Bald can load his broad chest with 15 decorations—five for heroism, nine for campaigns, one for wounds. They include the Silver Star medal, Distinguished Service Cross, Navy Cross and Croix de Guerre.



SATTERFIELD

The Marine Corps, old and new, is typified in Master Gunnery Sergeant James H. Satterfield, veteran of two world wars. He is well known to the oldsters, but thinks and can act like a youngster. He witnessed Pearl Harbor—called it "fantastic"—and took part in the Guadalcanal assault.



GLOVER

The cool, methodical way in which Master Gunnery Sergeant Jessie R. Glover wiped out a pair of Jap sniper nests has won him the Silver Star medal. The day after the landing at Tulagi he did the job himself while 20 other volunteers in concealed posts kept intended victims under distracting fire.



THOMAS

"Pop" is what they call Gunnery Sergeant John W. Thomas, distinguished rifle and pistol shot, who shattered two world pistol records in 1928. The old campaigner, whose dead-eye aim once was the terror of any enemy, is a rifle-range instructor at New River, can still shoot 318 without strain.

Sketched from life by Sgt. Pat Denman

"THANKS FOR THE USE OF
THE PEN, TEX. MINE'S GONE
SLAP-HAPPY AGAIN."

"ARE YOU TRYING TO
SPOIL A BEAUTIFUL
FRIENDSHIP? FILL YOUR
PEN WITH PARKER
QUINK AND KEEP IT
ON THE BEAM. THAT
SOLV-X REALLY
WORKS!"



TOP QUALITY PENS

RUNNING SHORT!

Quink with solv-x protects pens... Keeps them writing!

"FIRST-CHOICE" fountain pens have been curtailed in production by Government order. Repair parts, too, are scarce.

If your pen fails now, it may not be repaired or replaced for the duration. Take this measure to give your pen the protection it deserves: flush and fill with Parker Quink containing solv-x, an exclusive Parker discovery.

Solv-x safeguards your pen in these 5 important ways:

1. Ends all gumming and clogging. 2. Prevents metal corrosion and deterioration of rubber always caused by highly acid inks. 3. Dissolves sediment left by inferior inks. 4. Cleans your fountain pen as it writes. 5. Assures quick starting and even flow.

Get Parker Quink at ships' stores. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis., and Toronto, Canada.

FOR V... — MAIL "Micro-film Black" Parker Quink in "Micro-film Black" photographs perfectly—is ideal for every use. Quink comes in 7 permanent colors: Micro-film Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red. 2 washable colors: Black, Blue. Family size, 25¢. Other sizes, 15¢ and up.



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PARKER Quink
THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X

★ G I S T ★ OF THE NEWS

Battle-tough Marines Assigned to Spearhead Drive Against Bastions of Japanese Pacific Empire

Easily the strongest amphibious force in the world, the Marine Corps has drawn the toughest assignment of the war—spearheading the drive against the Japanese empire.

Japan's defeat is primarily a United States Navy task, with help from the Army, some naval and air support from the British.

No fighting force is better equipped for the job than the Marines, now almost 400,000 strong. Since they stemmed the Jap tide at Guadalcanal they have chalked up a succession of invasion victories over the enemy—through the Solomons to costly Bougainville, in the Gilberts where the Jap east wall was pierced, on New Britain where pivotal Rabaul was neutralized.

Bloody Tarawa in the Gilberts listed the price that may be exacted. Tank tracks on new amphibious craft will prevent another slaughter in the shallows. There will be many of these in the fleet of 80,000 landing craft now being provided for the Navy.

Hoping the democracies will get tired, agree to easier terms, the Japs are holing up, resisting at every point with all their

means. If they can be driven from the air the way will be easier. The fleet at Truk then must either come out and fight or retire to home ports, leaving the way open for more rapid Allied ingress to China.

With the most powerful fleet in world history, the Americans almost certainly would win any fleet engagement.

The road to Tokyo may ultimately lie along several routes. The immediate objective apparently is recapture of the Philippines, thus lopping off Jap holdings to the south and establishing a base from which to invade Jap-held Chinese mainland territory. Then the stage would be set for a continental drive to break the Jap hold on Asia.

Final defeat of Japan may be possible through blockade of the sparse islands. Perhaps invasion will be necessary. Bombing alone will not bring this fanatical nation to her knees.

The system of by-passing powerful Jap ground forces, like those on Bougainville, has met with success and may form an important part of future strategy if our air forces can maintain superiority.

Postwar Potential

More realism than idealism will go into the structure of the postwar world, already abuilding on foundations laid at the Tetheran and Cairo conferences.

Secretary of the Navy Knox suggested the present joint operation of the American and British navies could provide the backbone of a world police force. Field Marshal Smuts, South African prime minister and Churchill crony, declared that peace not backed by power "remains a dream".

As one sure step to provide security from war the Cairo conferees, including China's Chiang Kai-Shek, decided Japan will be stripped of an empire she has been stealing for 50 years. She would become a minor power, China a major one.

Dominant power in the world will be the United States if she so chooses. Russia will rank next and will tower over Great Britain in eastern and central Europe. With much of her foreign investments gone and facing sharp international competition, Britain will be the third most important power, as observers see it now.

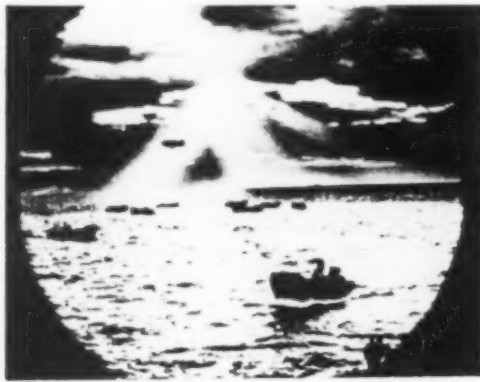
British leaders are talking about a new union that would include Britain, the Netherlands, Belgium and possibly the Scandinavian countries. Smuts proposed that the empire be reorganized, that the colonies be turned over to the various dominions for regional administration.

Russia, much richer than the United States now in natural resources, will be handicapped for years by her war losses, in manpower and materials.

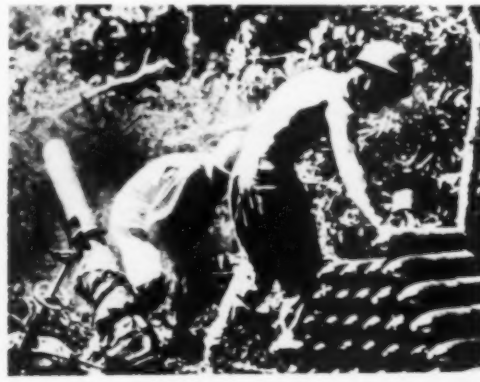
China, ravaged by inflation and her people worn by eight years of fighting, has been elected in United Nations councils to be the major Asiatic power. Working together, these powers can make a world that only idealists have visioned.



Rabaul, badly battered Jap stronghold on New Britain, lies under smoke of a new raid.



Through the porthole of a transport—the early sun silhouettes landing craft flotilla.



In a steaming South Pacific island jungle Yanks man a mortar in an Allied offensive.

Doughboys Crowd Armed England as Invasion Day Approaches

Somewhere in southwest England 3000 war-worried folk sadly abandoned homes they had known all their lives so the United States army could set up a second front training area there. Elsewhere in the nation, particularly in London, Britons were often annoyed with doughboys who were monopolizing pretty English girls, getting the best living accommodations, hogging the pubs. They had more money than the British Tommy.

Small English trains puffed under the load as millions of troops, some freshly landed from huge convoys, were shifted about the country.

Europe was to be invaded soon. It was reported that 73 per cent of the Allied assault teams would be Americans. General Eisenhower was chosen to command the huge operation, would again face Germany's "desert fox", Field Marshal Rommel.

Invasion technique was much discussed. Germany has more than 6000 miles of front to defend, a third of this on the western European coast line. Of her 300 divisions, representing about the limit of her manpower, she has 190 facing the Russians alone, 25 in the Balkans, 23 in Italy, eight in Norway and four in Denmark. This

would leave her 660,000 men with which to face power-packed English shores. She would not be able to strengthen her western front without weakening defenses somewhere else. The Allies would strike in more than one place.

Probably the operation will have four phases. First German defenses must be overcome and a beachhead established. Rushing in of reinforcements to beat off counterattacks, building of a continental army of more than a million and finally the push on to Berlin will be succeeding steps.

An intense bombardment from air and sea will ease the way.

European Inferno

Brimming with fire and death, Europe is becoming more of a shambles. Bombs cascaded unmercifully on German cities, coastal installations as the Allies paved the way for invasion. France, Belgium, perhaps the Balkans, were soon to be battlefields again.

In western Russia the peasant-soldiers buried their murdered civilians, continued to wrest decimated villages from the quick, tricky Wehrmacht.

In Kharkov thousands cheered. Three Germans and a traitorous Russian swung from the gallows as the first war criminals to meet justice on the Moscow conference plan. They had lightly admitted wanton killing.



General Eisenhower, Allied invasion chief, at left, with President Roosevelt in Sicily.

Germany announced captured American and British airmen will be "tried" before military tribunals as alleged "war criminals" who bombed German cities, in retaliation for Kharkov incident.

The Balkan theater, boiling and bubbling with strife, brewed a temporary Yugoslavian people's government headed by the guerrilla, Tito, who looks like Lincoln.

Czechoslovakia, making its post-war bed, signed a treaty of collaboration with Russia. The pact may serve as the Soviet's basic plan for other nations near her. Left out of pact was territorial question.

Turkey, still poker-faced, emerged from the Cairo discussions a full-fledged participant in the war of nerves against Germany. The Turks reportedly called up a million reserves, may strike with Allies in a Balkan invasion.

Italy was a vast quagmire through which Allied troops continued to slog on toward Rome. The emphasis in this theater is shifting to a general aerial campaign, with bombers slashing at southern Europe from

Zone 1 on the map embraces the area now back in Allied hands; Zone 2, the area the Japs are at present defending; Zone 3, the central defense area set up by the Jap military, its line anchored on vital Truk, and Zone 4, the inner area protecting the Japanese islands.

Austria to Greece. Troops continued to inch back the Nazis.

Fourth Republic blueprints have been prepared for a new France by the French Committee of Liberation in Algiers. It will arise behind the lines of the invasion, expanding as the armies move on toward Berlin.

A French army of hundreds of thousands, trained in North Africa, will probably spearhead invasion forces.

Domestic Front

Americans at home tensed grimly for the shock European invasion would bring. Estimates put casualties as high as half a million, with the Yanks taking the brunt.

On the home front production is at its peak and beginning to taper off; Congressional battles rage over veterans' affairs; the Presidential campaign gets hotter; the Administration continues to fight inflation.

Medal-poor veterans of World War I had to turn to apple selling in tough depression years. Congress has set about seeing that this will not happen again. There were proposals for lump-sum discharge pay, monthly pay for a period after discharge, special unemployment compensation, pay for education, and rehabilitation, for years immediately following demobilization.

An overseas soldier vote proposal proved to be a hot political potato. The Senate knocked out a bill to transfer necessary machinery from states to a federal commission, but similar bills were still in the hopper. A Gallup poll indicated 10 million soldier-votes could decide the 1944 elections, if all servicemen would vote. The terrific mechanics of the plan has all stumped.

Fourth term talk has it that President Roosevelt will accept the Democratic nomination, and will do or say nothing to alter plans reportedly made for drafting him at the convention. Governor Dewey of New York appears as a strong contender for role of Republican nominee, according to some

The \$64 Question

How Long Will Germany Last?

Probably not longer than three months after the invasion. General Arnold, chief of the U. S. Army Air Forces, predicted that heavily-bombed Germany will be unable to offer much resistance. Stalin expects to be in Berlin no later than Spring.

The War Department cautiously asserts the Wehrmacht is still very strong. The first team is, but lack of reserves is expected to toll Hitler's knell.

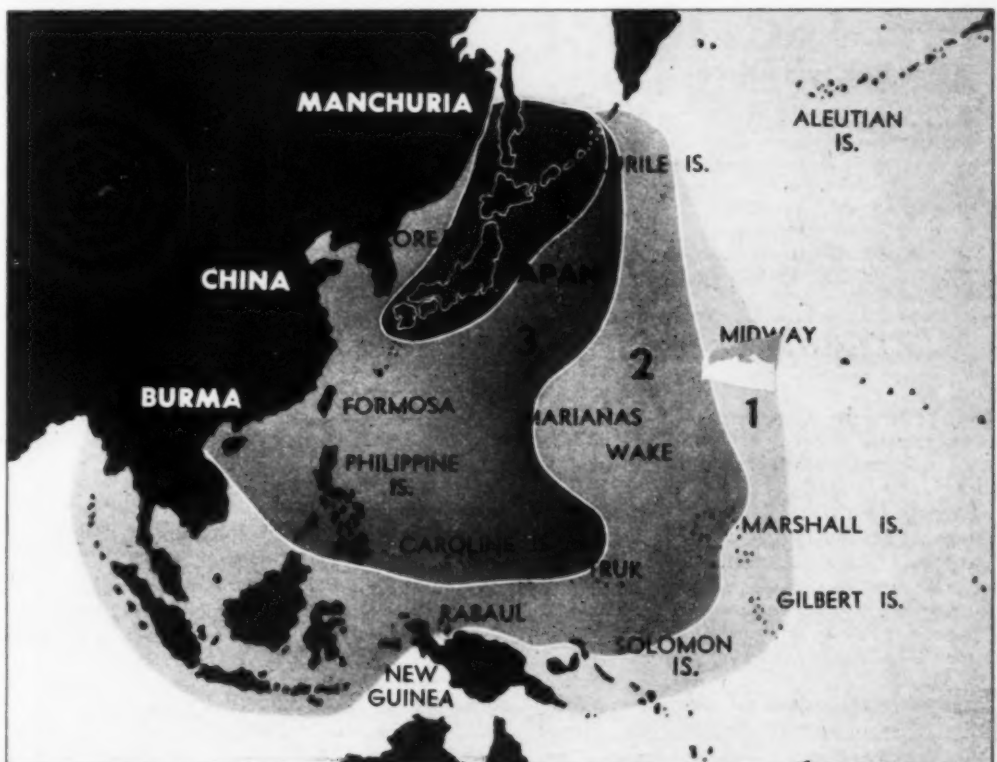
versions of the political situation. Willkie, very popular in spite of old-line party opposition, may well make a convention sales talk that will carry him through to the nomination. He did it in 1940.

Labor unrest appears to be growing as the country, having won the battle of production, slowly begins the transition from war to peace-time manufacture in some fields. Three hundred strikes, 10 a day, were reported during November and December. Possibility of a serious railroad strike was eliminated when the government temporarily seized the nation's systems. Steel workers halted a walkout when their demands were met for contract renewals.

Biggest threat on the home front is inflation. War Mobilizer Byrnes warned it might destroy "the very things for which we are fighting—a stable, peaceful, prosperous world".

Every poll of public opinion shows the people are nearly unanimous in the belief inflation must be controlled. This nation is still ahead of some of her Allies in this home front battle.

End



CHAPPY SAYS:



Chappy's Right! There's no need to go to a lot of fuss and bother to help protect your lips from sun, wind, dust and biting cold. No reason for them to become rough, dry, sore or chapped.

Chap Stick provides a colorless film that lubricates, promotes healing, guards against painful externally caused lip troubles. That's why service men and women the world over use this handy, he-man stick.

Get Chap Stick today at your Ship's Service Store, PX, or at any drug store. Look for the name Fleet's to get the genuine Chap Stick. Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.



On duty with U. S. Forces from Alaska (40° below) to Africa (140° above)

ADD GUN PROTECTION with HOPPE'S No. 9

This efficient gun cleaning solvent will not only remove primer, powder and metal fouling completely but it will prevent rust too. Give your gun the protection that it needs. Sold at most dealers and army exchange stores or send 10c for sample. Valuable "Gun Cleaning Guide" FREE upon post card request.

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For Wife, Sister or Mother, Sweetheart

An exquisitely dainty bracelet, solid sterling silver chain, with 24K gold plate Marine insignia mounted on pearl, complete, only \$5.00. Order No. 536M.

This Lovely Marine Insignia Pin

Accurately designed, beautifully finished, in 10K solid gold \$5.00; in gold filled, \$7.50. Order No. 531.

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One of the most exciting parts of the 16-week course is learning operation of the radio direction finder

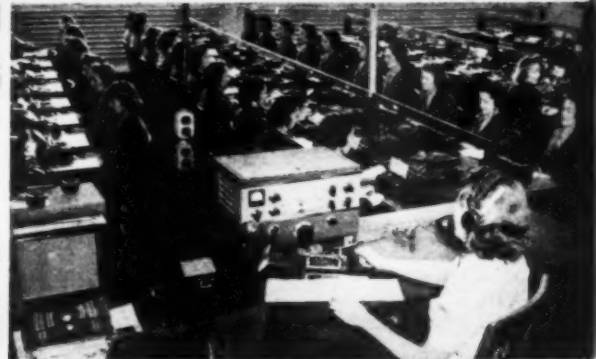


Women MARINES

Radio communications is a vital war weapon both at home and in battle. This series of pictures shows Women Marines preparing for domestic assignments to keep the lines open.



Demonstration panels like this teach what goes on behind the dials of a transmitter



Just like a stenography class except that teacher is tapping messages in Morse code



Marjorie Helen W. Green is the only W. E. who holds the French Cross de Guerre from the last war. Wife of an Army General, she organized a course for Marines in France in 1917 and then was head of a Red Cross nursing station which was bombed, strafed.



Last kind of course is spent actual sending, receiving Government messages



★ MOVIE MAN ★

MISS STANWYCK



JACOBS

WILLIAM EARL JACOBS is probably the only man in Marine Corps history who traded a pair of shiny dancing pumps for the heavy boots of a rugged paramarine. Incongruous as it seems, ex-PFC Jacobs was a ballroom dancer by profession before he enlisted in the Marines in August, 1941, in his home town of St. Louis.

"We had a tough D. I. at Dago named Whitworth," Jacobs recalled. "You should have seen the expression on his face when he asked me what I had done before coming in and I told him. I never did live it down."

Why did he choose the Marines in the first place? Jacobs, a tall young man of 25 with wavy, straw-colored hair, was very frank. "I wanted to beat my draft board to the punch."

There was another reason, too—a girl. As he remembers, she all but dared him to enlist, and he took the dare. What happened to the girl? Again Earl laughed. "She jilted me and married another guy. A lieutenant in the Army."

Loss of the girl proved insignificant in the light of future events, climaxed by the Battle of Bloody Ridge in September of '42 on Guadalcanal. Earl lost his right arm to a Jap hand grenade in that engagement. To talk to him, though, you'd never think his hard luck had dampened his spirits. He's the most carefree individual in the world.

After boot camp Jacobs went into radio school at Dago, and then trained with a signal battalion at New River. From there he volunteered for the paramarine school at Lakehurst, went back to New River for further training and in June of 1942, shipped out to New Zealand. His outfit landed on Gavutu in August—and the fighting was on.

"At one time I was detailed to follow Colonel Edson around. I'll say this, he went everywhere his men went. He'd walk right up to the front where the action was hot to see how his men were getting along. He's got plenty of guts. He won't ask his men to do anything he won't do."

Earl skips over the details of his wounding on September '13. "I just got it and that's all there was to it," he'll say. Removed from the field, he eventually was brought back to the States and honorably discharged last July.

He came to Hollywood and slipped into a job at Warner Brothers movie studio in the mailing department. Recently he switched over (at \$100 a week) to become temporary technical advisor on a picture, "Hollywood Canteen." He aided the director in scenes pertaining to conditions in the Solomons. He hoped to get a steady job in the studio publicity department.

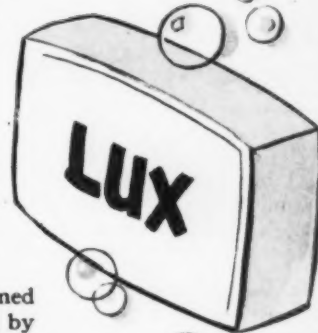
"Everyone has been swell to me," he says. "Regrets? Of course not. I'm doing okay. I had my picture taken with Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart, Barbara Stanwyck and some others. That's good duty."

End



ATTABOY, JOE!

Didn't I tell ya she'd fall for a LUX Soap face?



We wouldn't say you *gotta* have a glamour-puss to get your sweetie to say "yes." But oh boy, how it helps! *Successful* suitors soap the *Lux* way. They find the rich, *ACTIVE* lather of this glorious soap gives a streamlined finish to the map greatly admired by dames. Are you losing out on a golden opportunity, bud? Such foolishness, when right at your P. X. for practically no scratch you can get a cake of Lux!

Cupid's Tip:
—Go get on the beam, pal
—It's no time for moping—
Increase your appeal with
a daily LUX soaping!





Would you
ask for a
kick in the pants?

Yes, that's just about what you'll be doing if you pass up the opportunity you now have as a Marine to add to your educational qualifications through study with the Marine Corps Institute.

Here's an educational opportunity you'll have only so long as you are a Marine. Completion of a course may help you advance in rank, or prepare you for a good job when you return to civil life.

Here are a few of the courses you may study

Aviation Mechanics	2nd Lt. Preparatory
General Radio	Good English
Radio Operating	Machine Shop
Short Mechanical	Reading Shop
Drawing	Blueprints
Civil Engineering	Gas and Electric Welding
Surveying and Mapping	Diesel Engines
Refrigeration	Internal Combustion
Bookkeeping and	Engines
Business Forms	Automobile Technician
Stenographic—Secretarial	Special Automobile
Post Exchange	Engines
Bookkeeping	High School Subjects

For enrolment application blanks and full information, write now to—

U. S. MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE
Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Name _____

Address _____

NOTE: Since the Marine Corps Institute was first founded, the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pa., have had the privilege of supplying the Institute and Marines with certain lesson texts and services. It is to the Institute and the Marine Corps that I. C. S. dedicates the above message.

TRADE MARK

More MARINE OFFICERS wear insignia bearing the H-H Trademark than of all other makes combined—there must be a good reason for this overwhelming preference.

*At Post Exchanges,
Ship's Service Stores*

Hilborn-Hamburger,
Incorporated
New York, N. Y.

Your Field Lesson:

How to field strip the B. A. R.

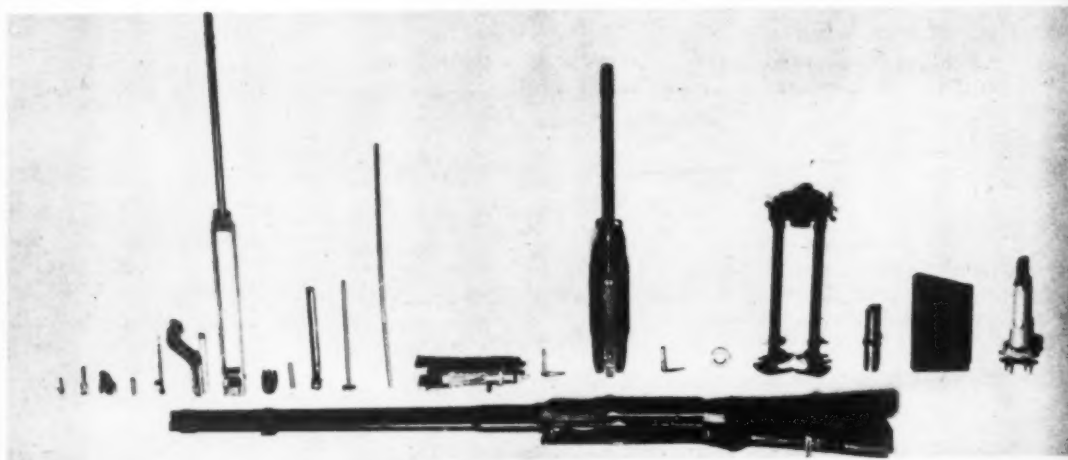


B. A. R. M1918 A2

THE B. A. R. is an air-cooled, gas operated, 20-round magazine fed weapon with normal cyclic rate of 550 RPM and slow rate of 350 RPM. It is not capable of semi-automatic fire, is most effective in short bursts. It is often stripped of its fixed-fire attachments and

used as an 18-pound shoulder weapon.

By following the illustrations as enumerated the piece may be field stripped for normal cleaning. In the field, hot soapy water is used to clean bore. Parts are wiped dry, thin coat of oil renewed before reassembling.



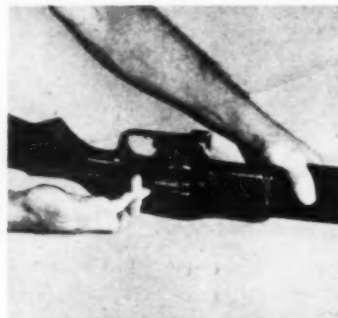
1 Lay barrel down pointing left, resting on sights. Pull stock rest up from stock



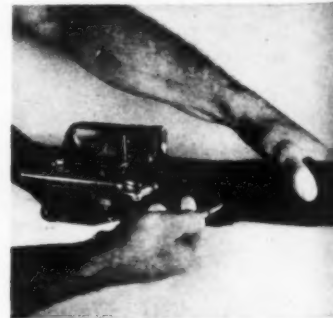
2 Depress magazine release and remove magazine from trigger assembly group



3 Unscrew flash hider, remove bipod unit, friction washer



4 Cock piece and push the operating handle forward



5 With cartridge unlock gas cylinder tube retaining pin

WHO'S WHO IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

by L. B. ICELY, President

★

One member of Congress alone has received more than 400 letters from soldiers, sailors and marines in Guadalcanal, New Guinea, Africa, England and other war zones expressing a fervent desire to see school, college and professional sports continued.

★ ★ ★

Spectator sports are so popular with the men and women in the services that leading sports stars are touring the battle zones to put on exhibition matches.

★ ★ ★

So eager are our forces to know all about "who's who" in sports, that the British Broadcasting Corporation beamed the 1943 World's Series to them over its powerful stations . . . and earlier, Wilson Sporting Goods Co. put the 1943 National Tennis Championships on a short-wave hook-up reaching our men at sea and in every battle zone.

★ ★ ★

Active sports that form such an important part of your conditioning program in training camps remain a favorite form of recreation for soldiers, sailors and marines in every part of the world.

★ ★ ★

You don't have to go far today to learn "who's who" in sports equipment for wherever sports are played Wilson equipment comes up a favorite.

★ ★ ★

When you want extra sports equipment for your outfit or for personal use, ask your PX for "Wilson" and you'll get the best. When you return let this same high quality Wilson equipment keep you in top physical condition for the enjoyment of life at home. See your Wilson dealer to get the best equipment for baseball, tennis and golf or any other favorite sport. Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago, New York, and other leading cities.

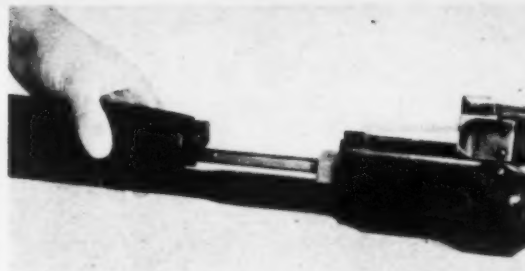
IF IT'S A "WILSON"
IT'S FINEST QUALITY



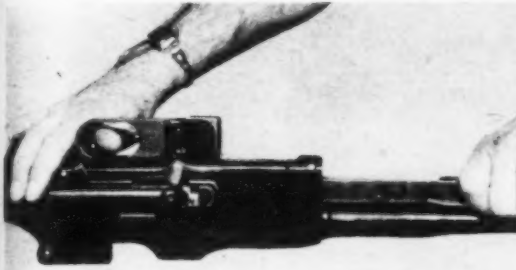
IT'S **Wilson** TODAY
IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT



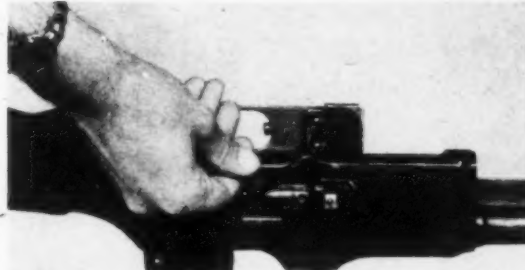
6 Swing it upward 180 degrees clockwise, . . . and then withdraw it to the right



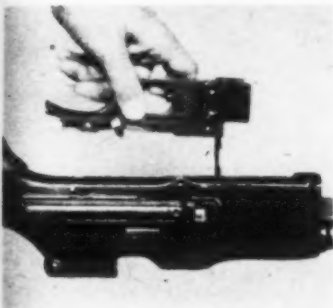
7 Remove gas cylinder tube and forearm to front over piston by sliding ahead



8 Pull trigger, let mechanism go forward resisting the pressure of recoil spring



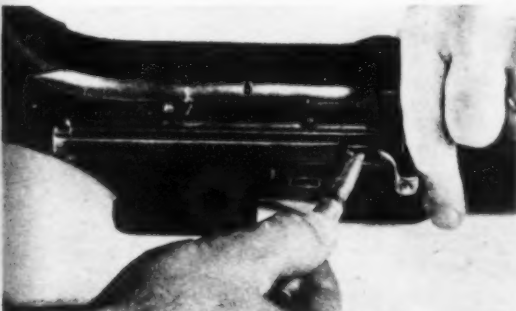
9 Unlock, remove trigger guard retaining pin as in figures five and six above



10 Turning the pin 90 degrees, remove the trigger guard

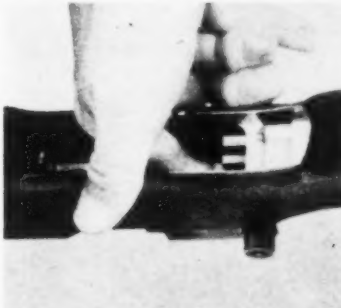
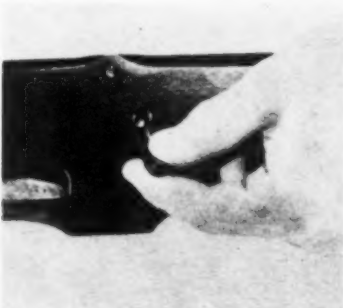
11 Put index finger on recoil spring guide head, turn free

12 Remove the recoil spring and guide it to the rear



13 With cartridge in dismounting hole in operating handle, left forefinger push

14 to left so hammer pin, dismounting hole meet. Hammer pin will go through hole



15 The next step, remove the operating handle to rear

16 After that you remove the hammer pin to the left

17 Hook finger under hammer, lift out, or work the slide

(Turn Page)



CURTISS CANDY
Baby Ruth
RICH IN DEXTROSE

..MESSAGE OF GOOD CHEER

To you men in the fighting forces, Baby Ruth Candy Bar is more than delicious refreshment . . . more than rich-in-dextrose food-energy.

For Baby Ruth, reaching into the furthestmost points of the compass, is a message of good cheer from the good ol' U.S.A. . . . tangible proof that the folks back home are behind you...working with you...wishing you Godspeed.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY
Producers of Fine Foods
Chicago, Illinois



"She's more than a pal—she carries my supply of Sir Walter Raleigh!"

FILL UP YOUR POUCH with a supply of friendly, mellow Sir Walter Raleigh if you want real smoking enjoyment. (And make sure, pal, that you smoke it in a pipe that gets cleaned regularly!) Take a ten-day leave from tongue-bite. Get acquainted with those fragrant, choice Kentucky burleys in cool-burning Sir Walter Raleigh. Today, try "the quality pipe tobacco of America."

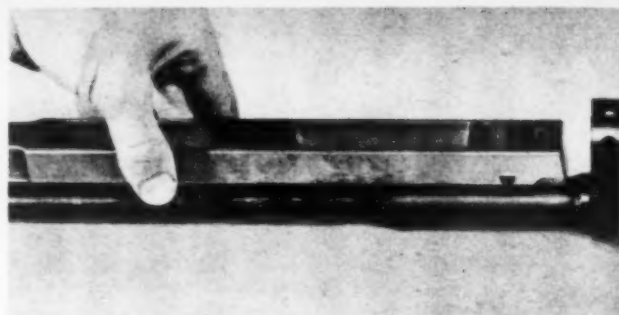
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
PIPE TOBACCO

Smokes as sweet as it smells

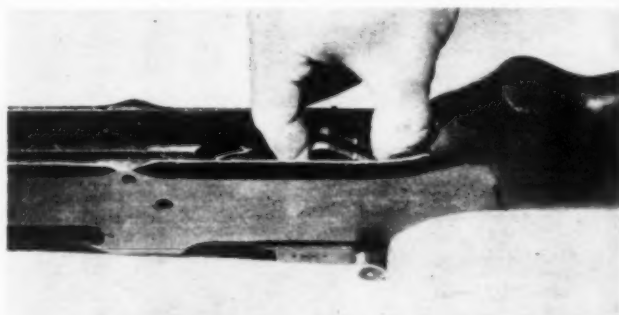
UNION MADE

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

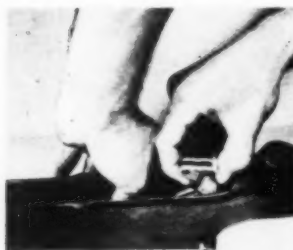
B. A. R. (continued)



18 After you have made this move the next step is to remove the slide to the front



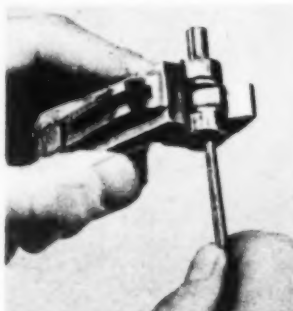
19 Grasp the link, lift the bolt lock out, slide it rearward as far as it will go



20 Hold link, press on bolt guide, lift out



21 Lift the bolt lock, and remove firing pin



22 Using firing pin as drift, free link pin



23 Put shell under claw, push shoulder clear



24 Pry the extractor and remove it from bolt



25 The extractor spring is then pulled out

End

Question Box

Q. Why do colors go up at 0800 in the Marine Corps when the colors go up at sunrise in the Army?

A. Colors are raised at 0800 in accordance with the provisions of Article 284(3) Naval Regulations. Exhaustive inquiry as to the reason therefore has elicited no definite information as to why that hour is used. One theory advanced is that it is due to the shift from the night to the day watches at 0800, and of the fact that the Navy makes a ceremony of morning colors rather than evening colors as does the Army.

Q. From whom was Camp Elliott named?

A. Camp Elliott was named from the ninth Commandant of the Marine Corps, Maj. Gen. George F. Elliott, who served in that office from 1903 to 1910. A transport, also named in his honor, was lost off Guadalcanal in August, 1942.

Q. To whom should insurance payments be made in the case of discharged Marines who continue the policy?

A. The address for G. I. insurance matters is: The Director of Insurance, Veterans Administration, Washington, D. C.

Q. Can you explain why men who volunteered for induction ahead of the call of their draft boards are classified as "SS"?

A. Except for 17-year-olds, voluntary enlistments in the Marine Corps ceased on 25 February, 1943, when the Selective Service system was placed in control of the procurement of manpower for all armed services. Therefore, even men who "volunteered for induction" ahead of the regular draft board order must be listed in the record book as "SS" unless they were under 18 years of age.

Q. What does the red stripe on the seam of blue trousers represent?

A. We always thought it stood for the blood shed at Chapultepec on the drive to "The Halls of Montezuma" but Headquarters, Marine Corps, says "the red stripe on trousers of certain Marine Corps uniforms apparently was adopted for the sole purpose of distinction and ornamentation. Search of the Uniform Regulations and other records has failed to reveal any other reason."

Q. Are Marines who had previous service in State National Guard organizations entitled to longevity pay and to wear hashmarks?

A. Marines may wear a hashmark for each four-year period of service whether in Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard or National Guard. To get longevity pay, eligibles should make application through official channels, submitting National Guard discharge certificate as proof of service. The certificate or a duplicate may be obtained by writing to the Adjutant General in the state in which the applicant served.

Q. When a man's enlistment is completed, can he be discharged even though he will have to register with the Draft Board?

A. No. Men who complete their cruise may either reenlist, extend or take no action. If he re-enlists, or extends for a two or three-year period, he will deserve the re-enlistment bonus; but if he allows his status to be frozen, he merely continues to serve.

Q. Does a man who served in China during August, 1938, rate the China Service Medal?

A. Yes. All men who served in China from 7 July, 1937, to 7 September, 1939, or on board the vessels of the Navy listed in Navy Department General Order No. 135, dated 23 August, 1940, are entitled to the China Service Medal.



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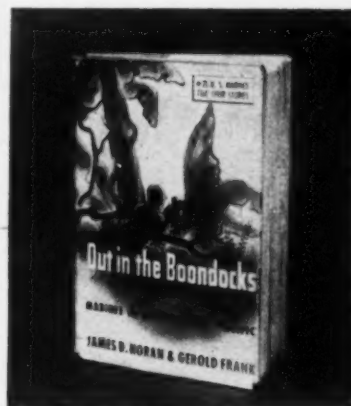
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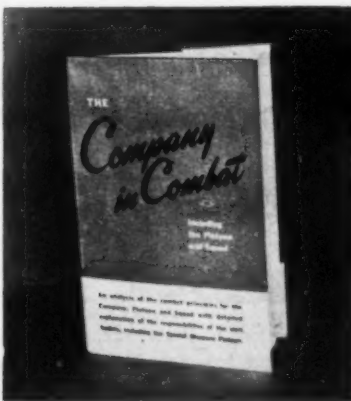
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to a New Station
Tell Me Where
and I'll Be There

Diana Lewis, MGM Starlet

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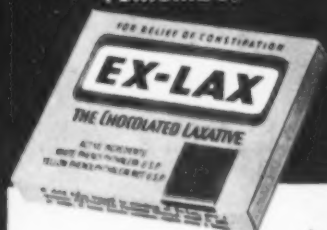
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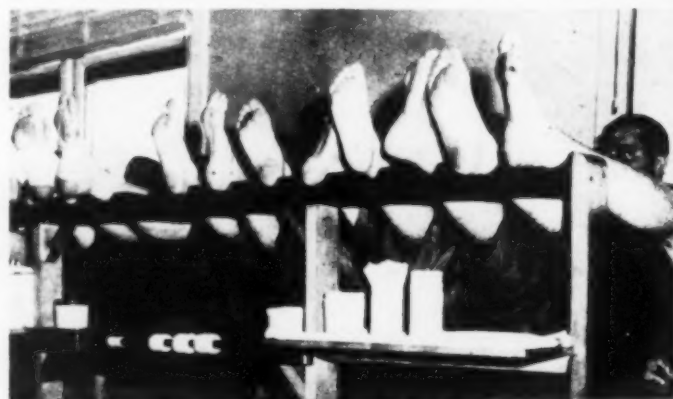


... I pick up all the trash in my own little bailiwick, a chore
which makes me wonder if I should buy some more war bonds...

"BOOT"

The Immortal "Joe" of Boot Camp
Springs to Life in Word and Picture
From the Pages of a Likely New Book

"Awn op reep . . . reep fawya laf." What Marine will ever forget
his DI's cadence as the platoon marched back and forth, back
and forth across the drill field. From such memory stuff Cpl.
Gilbert P. Bailey, assisted by the cameras of Cpl. Edward J.
Freeman and PFC John H. Birch, Jr., has fashioned a delightful
book which captures the spirit and flavor of Parris Island.



Many a man discovers
his feet in Boot Camp
but it's nothing new
to the Blister Clinic



Last vestigial remains
of civilian life are
cast off as civies get
shipped back to "mom"



When the word comes to "Fall Out" you better move on the double for hell hath no fury like a DI delayed.



Take off your hat, stand at attention and address your DI as "Sir". That's military courtesy at PI.

★

Gitemup, gitemup! yells the sergeant, for every second is important when you're working the butts

★



I. Q. ANSWERS from page 48

1. F4F Wildcat fighter
2. PB4Y Consolidated Liberator patrol bomber (B24)
3. PBJ patrol bomber (B25) or Mitchell Bomber
4. F6F Hellcat fighter
5. F4U Vought Corsair fighter
6. TBF Avenger torpedo bomber-fighter
7. R4D Douglas transport
8. SBD Dauntless dive bomber
9. PBY Consolidated Catalina bomber

LEFT HOLDING THE BAG...BECAUSE OF DRY SCALP?



QUICK! 5 DROPS A DAY CAN CHECK IT...



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A date with

by PFC Sheldon S. Bereny

I

Danny had always been a wild and exuberant kid. But he lay very still now, almost as if he had welcomed the sniper's bullet that finished him. I was too weak to move, so all I could do was stay there in the fox hole beside him and wait.

I didn't have the courage to look down. I just stared straight ahead and thought back to that first furlough the two of us had taken after boot camp . . .

II

Danny's family was pretty well off. He was handsome as hell and had a way with women that even Marines respected. You could tell at a glance that he had been chasing skirts since he could walk, and by the time I met him the novelty had worn off. All he cared about then was making a good Marine, just to show the folks back home he had it in him.

He didn't have the slightest idea what he was fighting for, and even through that warm, radiant smile it wasn't hard to see that he was puzzled and lost.

Boot camp took the cockiness out of him, but it never took the gleam out of his eyes or gave him a logical reason for risking his life in the South Sea jungles. I couldn't help feeling sorry for him, because, even if he did have a lot of personality, he was alone. He had a thousand friends, but he was alone. Then Peggy came along.

She wasn't an inch over five feet and barely weighed a hundred pounds. She had a sweet, childish face, dimples and all, and the first time we saw her she was wearing saddle shoes, a skirt that showed her knees and a hair ribbon. I would have sworn she wasn't more than 14, but Danny had an experienced eye and knew at a glance she was a real find.

She was singing at a USO canteen, and Danny just stood there leaning against the wall, staring. "She's O. K." he finally announced to me, and when she finished singing he walked up to her as if he had known her all his life.

Five minutes later they were on the dance floor, while I stood around drinking cokes and watching a redheaded waitress.

When he brought her over and introduced her to me I could see something had happened to Danny. I wasn't too dumb to realize that Private Danny Woolf was falling in love, and it looked like the feeling was mutual. They insisted that I tag along when he took her home, and I found out why he fell with such a bang.

When Peggy laughed it wasn't the artificial giggle of a high school girl, but a laughter that had the ring of real happiness. She talked straight, but not too much and without getting serious or dramatic. Underneath I was kicking myself for not having seen her first.

Danny left her at the door without even kissing her goodnight, which was kind of strange for him. They must have stood on the porch 15 minutes while I sat in the cab listening to the driver talk about his eight kids. Danny was silent when he got back, but his smile told me all I needed to know.

That was our first night home on a 10-day furlough. For the next week I didn't see much of Danny. We spent some afternoons together, but I had to prowl around alone in the evenings. He never said much to me about Peggy, and I didn't feel like asking too many questions. I figured he'd talk when he was ready.

Peggy

On the bus back to camp he was as friendly as ever, but I knew he was trying to tell me something. I didn't force the issue, and after we'd been riding about an hour he started to talk.

"Mike."

"Yeah?"

"I'm engaged."

Of course I wasn't as surprised as I made out, but I knew that was one way of hearing the whole story. So I led him on.

"Mike, something's happened. I can't explain it very well, and maybe I've made a big mistake, but I had to do it. You see, Mike, I knew the minute I saw her that she was it, and I was afraid."



"I don't dig you, chum," I told him. "You ought to be the happiest guy alive."

"Well, Mike, it's funny, but I felt that I was going to lose her before I had even met her. Being a Marine isn't too tough, but I haven't any idea of where I'll be tomorrow or whether I'll ever see her again."

It was hard for him to talk like that, but he had to tell somebody. And there was more of it.

"Mike, I've got to see her again. This is just how I've always pictured I'd fall in love, suddenly, and without the slightest doubt about it. She'd have married me last night, but I couldn't do it. I couldn't expect her to wait for me while I go sticking my neck out somewhere."

"You're nuts," I told him, and I still didn't get it.

"But it's worse than that, Mike. While I was in boot camp I thought that if I ever did find a girl like Peggy it would give me a good reason for fighting. But it hasn't. I just don't want to

fight when I know it will mean I might never see Peggy again. And I've got to see her again."

He stopped just as suddenly as he began, and now I was afraid. Danny was my best friend, but I didn't know what to do or what to say to get him out of that frame of mind.

When we got back to Dago we were both assigned to scouting school, and we were kept pretty busy for three months. Danny took advantage of every weekend pass he could get to run up to Los Angeles and see Peggy, and when she had time off she made the trip down to see him. Then, three days after we finished school, we got sailing orders.

Danny took it hard because by now his whole life was wrapped up in Peggy and nothing I could say would snap him out of his gloomy outlook. He stayed that way all the way across the ocean, looking like a frightened boy whose despair was getting too deep ever to be cured.

We were on S. Island about two weeks, without any action, just making a permanent camp, when Danny walks up to me smiling and trying to act natural.

"How far are we from Australia, Mike?"

"Not more than 600 miles," I told him. "Why?"

"Peggy's going over there to entertain the soldiers with one of those USO shows."

"Do you think that will make it any easier to see her?" I asked him.

"Maybe not, but 600 miles is a hell of a lot closer than 6000."

We both knew that the distance might as well have been a million miles. He had as much chance of seeing her in Australia as he did in Los Angeles, but he was like a little boy clutching at the remotest possibility.

I said no more about it.

It was too good to see Danny acting like his old self. He was in pretty good spirits for a few weeks, but then he froze up again.

Bigger things were happening then. The Japs were bombing our installations almost daily, and I was assigned to an advance unit to go out and make a survey of the entire island. We were constantly having small skirmishes with the enemy, dodging bombs and strafing attacks. The blockade had cut our supply line and we were running low on food. For two long weeks the detachment suffered, then the Navy broke through to bring us relief.

The first time our scouting unit rejoined the main detachment Danny came over to my tent to talk. Again I could see he was troubled so I sat back and waited for him to tell me about it. He came right to the point.

"Mike, I once told you that knowing Peggy and loving her was wrong. That going off and fighting, feeling I might never return to see her again, was an injustice. But a guy can change his mind overnight and I can see now what I couldn't see before. This is a dirty, messy job but it's something that has to be done if guys like me ever want that chance to go back to girls like Peggy."

This was a new Danny speaking. He was trying hard not to be dramatic or emotional and I couldn't help wondering what was behind this sudden change. He started to say something else, but got all choked up and walked out of the tent.

I lay on my bunk for several minutes, thinking over what he had said and trying to figure it out. But I was glad to see he had snapped out of it and to know that he was finally getting the idea.

That was the 19th of December. On the 21st

the Japs made a new landing on our island. I wasn't surprised when Danny stepped forward as the first volunteer to go out there and meet them, to slow down their advance until our troops were ready for an offensive action. There were plenty of other volunteers and my unit went along because it had already been over the ground.

III

That was yesterday. This was another day. I was getting weaker and weaker from loss of blood and the stifling heat, but I knew I'd get out alive. I knew help was coming soon.

I was still conscious when the corpsmen crawled up with their stretcher and I insisted on taking Danny's personal belongings with me. I felt strong arms lifting me and that's about all I remember except a strange, fantastic dizziness before I passed out.

It was a slow, restless recovery. I had been granted 30-day sick leave and I was anxious to get started. I had no idea where to locate Peggy but I felt that once I landed in Australia it wouldn't be hard to trace her. Then I remembered the packet of Danny's belongings. Surely he would have her address and probably a couple of letters to mail to his family.

When the orderly brought the stuff over from company headquarters I untied the leather bundle and dumped the contents on the bed.

I picked up the picture of his parents, his crucifix and his good luck teddy-bear and put them back in the packet. Writing down the return address on one of Peggy's letters I carefully returned them to their place. Only the wallet remained and more out of curiosity than anything else I opened it. There,

staring me in the face, were two clippings, obviously from Australian newspapers:

Melbourne, Nov. 30—Climaxing a successful engagement entertaining American servicemen stationed in Australia, Miss Peggy Chapman, popular young American vocalist, will appear tonight at the Veterans Hospital for the benefit of disabled veterans of His Majesty's Navy. This will be her last public appearance for several months, as Miss Chapman intends returning to the United States for a much needed rest. In her brief stay in our midst, Miss Chapman has endeared herself in our hearts by making more than 90 personal appearances, and it is with great reluctance that several thousand of our fighting men join in wishing her a safe, uneventful journey and Godspeed.

Melbourne, Dec. 2—(Official Communique No. 286)—Three squadrons of 96-VB heavy bombers with their usual escort of Zero fighters made their eighth raid of the month here last night. Our anti-aircraft units and interceptor planes were successful in repulsing the attack. Two fighters and one bomber were brought down. Only damage inflicted here was the total destruction of an apartment house on the North Side, killing two elderly invalid women and a young American girl who made a vain attempt to drag them to safety. The dead:

Mrs. Minerva Throckmorton, 74, survived by two daughters.

Mrs. Janice Edgeworth, 59, survived by husband, Leslie.

Miss Peggy Chapman, 22, survived by parents in United States.

End

A Superb Figure of a Fighting Man



... was this fine looking, stylishly uniformed colonel of Jeb Stuart's Confederate cavalry. His high boots, white corduroy trousers, gray jacket and leather gauntlets spelled "romance" in any language.

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M. B., Oskamaloosa, Kans. — Sugarfoot tore a page from the old dreambook, sprinkled some of Bazinook's pipe tobacco on it and around it, gave it a twist and a lick, lit up with an old flame whose photo he slipped from his watch and was once again in the Marine Corps.

"I hear McKeever's daughter made second looney in the female reserve," he said. "Or do they call 'em second Louise?"

"So? I got a niece who's a nunnery sergeant," replied Pinky Stahl, trying a kneebend and collapsing on his bunk.

Covered Wagon blew in, lugging a seabag that went back to 1812 easy. "Is there a corner bunk for one of the Faithful of the Eternal?" he inquired.

I told him this was a 12-man detachment, that he was No. 12 and his bunk was in the middle.

"Amidship," he came back.

I told him I bowed before such sternness, and what ship might he be off of?

"Tuscarora," he stated, flicking his beard with great spirit. "Seventeen decks, straw bottom, and her dummy stacks were nine. Hey, what's that clicking sound over there? Crap game?"

He was a mile wide on that shot. The sounds were caused by Xanimork in his corner, rattling his teeth and medals in his sleep.

"Don't wake him up," we advised. "It took Xan an hour to cry himself to sleep—he's only 55, see, and this is his first time away from home since August, '19, when the 5th and 6th got back from Germany."

"Xanimork, eh?" Covered Wagon replied. "I'll just make sure it's him." He fetched him a slap on the soles with a bayonet and yelled, "Was it with his tayth he bit you?"

Xan sat up, wide awake in a flash.

"No," he barked, "but he slipped his tayth out an' give me the divvil's own slash with his gooms! How be ye, Covered Wagon? Come on, let's have it. How'd you ever get back in?"

"Act of Congress," Covered Wagon whispered in his gentle roar. "You know how ornery these boot doctors are—the waivers on me were piled so high that Headquarters finally decided to waive the waivers. Yaas, I got my parents' consent, too."

Telegram! Gallagher ordered to Camp Lejeune to take over as PX steward in Area One.

When the hosslaughter let down, Gallagher snorted, "All right, you guys. But it starts me to Tokyo. I'll be on the coast ready to shove, and you'll still be in Kansas. And by the way, just what are the duties here, if I may ask?"

"Oh, we're just to keep an eye on the sunflowers and break up any cyclones that come this way." Pat Hand stated, parting his two hairs and patting his pouch in a little burst of affection for himself.

After a while Covered Wagon wanted to know how long it would be before the rest of us would be shoving for one coast or the other.

"Had your indoctrination yet?" demanded Jake Lyng, known as Chinaman because of his Scotch name.

"Sure. Got a booster shot for typhoid yesterday."

"I mean field training."

"You mean to say I'm a boot?"

"I dunno. F'rinstance—what's the opposite of Right Shoulder HARMS?"

"Why, Slope HARMS, of course."

Chinaman Jake let an unexpected gleam of intelligence escape from his gold teeth. "That just goes to show you'll have to be indoctrinated. Why, the Corps hasn't Sloped HARMS since '16, or early '17 at the latest. Covered Wagon, you're not as thick as I always thought you were—you're thicker."

That night Joe Burke broke out his zither and gave out with a sad-eyed rendition of some lines of welcome to Covered Wagon.

A wild night on the Kansas coast
(Let this one be on me);
And how's about a little toast
To Soldiers of the Sea?

That night the Kansas coast was wild
(Sharp lookout on the bow, byhes),
But she and he was reconciled.
To what? It slips me now, byhes.

A wild night on the coast of Kansas
(Here's a fizz; imbibe it),
O, it would take some 20 stanzas
Just to half-describe it.

The Kansas coast was wild, no doubt.
Here's to yuh, Covered Wagon,
For you have never lost a bout
With Springfield, dukes or flagon.

Telegram! Pinky Stahl's niece, the nunnery sergeant, wires Uncle Pinky that she's transferred to aviation and will take over a Link trainer.

"Link trainer? Is she a golf pro?"

"Certainly not," Pinky stated. "She's a flying fool, and as soon as they let down the bars the rest of the way she'll tie or top Joe Foss' record sure, because she's a dead shot, too."

In a tantrum, Smoke Gallagher scuffed his feet something awful and hoped the Corps hadn't gone that crazy.

"The world is whizzing past you like a pay-train," Pinky told him. "And by the way, about that PX billet of yours. Do you happen to know what Area One is at New River?"

"No. What is it?"

"Why, it's the female area. That makes you a ladies'-wear salesman. Yoo hoo! Smokie, darling, have you any nylons my size?"

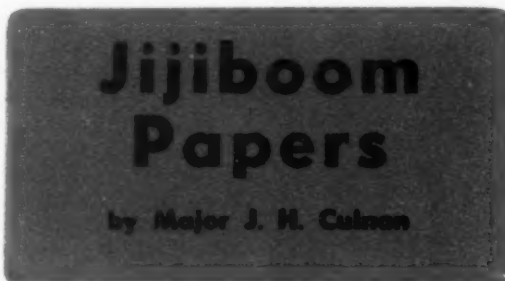
"I'll break your fluctuating neck," yelled Gallagher.

"Take it easy, Smoke," said Pinky, falling back to reload.

"Think what you've done for the Corps. That niece of mine will probably bop 50 Zeros before this bix is over. You noble son-of-a-gun, you've actually FREED A MARINE TO FIGHT!"

Some say a shot rang out. At any rate, no one was hit, Smoke's 6/20 right glim, not having been indoctrinated at the time.

(Editor's Note: Major Culnan asks if there is any interest in life among the re-treads. Is there?)



Hold It!

End

Gizmo and Eightball

by Rhoads



MARINE,
DOUSE THAT
LIGHT!

LIGHT, SIR?
THAT'S MY TEETH
-BRIGHTENED-UP
BY PHILLIPS!



PHILLIPS'
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FOR a dentifrice with top-rank effectiveness, ask for Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste. You'll find it at your post exchange—very likely, you'll find Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tooth Powder, too. And nothing excels the cleansing and polishing agents used in these two Phillips products for fighting ugly, lustre-dulling film on teeth!

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DON'T SUFFER with itching of minor skin rashes—the rubbing irritation of skin chafe. Get soothing help with Mexsana, the astringent, medicated powder for your comfort kit. Mexsana costs you little. Always demand Mexsana.

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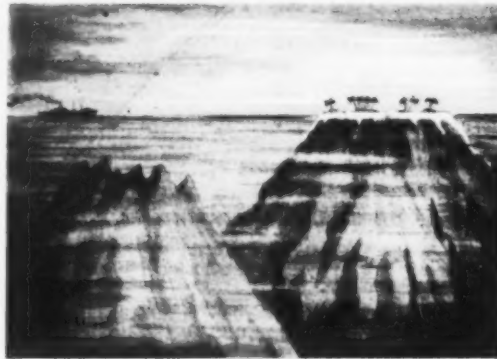
Prevents Collar Curl

★ Neatness counts in military as well as in civilian life. That's why millions of men in service are also wearing **SPIFFY COLLAR STAYS**.

BEFORE AFTER

COSTS BUT A FEW CENTS AT ARMY AND PX STORES

Know the Marshall Islands



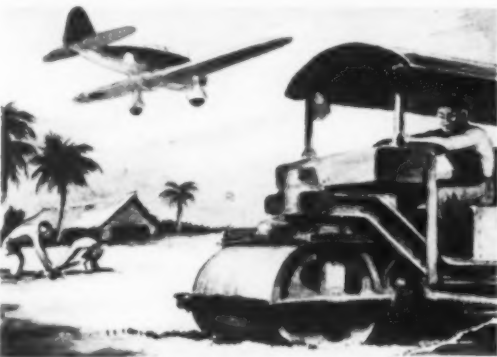
The Marshall Islands, stepping stones to Tokyo, are atolls—flat sandpits on coral bases formed by the shells of coral polyps on the summits of big submarine mountains.



Spain's de Saavedra found the islands in 1529, but discovery was piecemeal and not until 1809 was Jaluit heard of. They got their name from Captain Marshall, explorer.



Most important plant is the coconut palm, from which copra is obtained. Other important products for the export trade are tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, shark fins, trepang.



Disregarding military terms of the mandate Japan halted visiting by Europeans in the middle 1930's and began building fortifications, big airfields and harbor facilities.



Lying northwest of the Gilberts, now conquered by the Allies, the Marshalls appear the next objective. Heavy vegetation is found on the larger atolls in this Pacific Island group.



The Marshall islanders are traditionally clean. Their skin is light brown and they average five feet, six inches in height. Their women are fairer than Solomonese.



First owned by Spain, then Germany, these islands are part of the Mandates seized by Japan in 1914, mandated to her at the end of World War I by the League of Nations.



The Marshalls, like the Carolines, Marianas and Palau, lie in the path of a United Nations drive through the central Pacific toward Tokyo, probably via Asia's mainland.

Citations

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

NAVY CROSS

Maj. Paul J. Fontana, Sparks, Nev.; 1st Lt. Jefferson J. De Blanc, St. Martinville, La.; 1st Lt. Roger A. Haberman, Ellsworth, Wis.; 1st Lt. Frank H. Presley, Encinitas, Calif.; 2nd Lt. Thomas H. Mann, Jr., Terre Haute, Ind.; 2nd Lt. Joseph L. Narr, Hickman Mills, Mo.; Mar.



SEBECK

Gun. Henry B. Hamilton, La Rue, Tex.; GySgt. Angus R. Goss, Tampa, Fla.; Corp. Weldon F. De Long, Dover, Mass.; Corp. Joseph Sebeck, Harvey, Ill.; PFC James Dunn, Jr., Pueblo, Colo.; PFC Clarence L. Evans, Saginaw, Mo.; Pvt. William F. Richey, Tyler, Tex.; Pvt. William F. Seiverling, Jr., Drexel Hill, Pa.

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL

Maj. Gen. Holland M. Smith, Seale, Ala.; Brig. Gen. Francis P. Mulcahy, Rochester, N. Y. (Gold Star).

LEGION OF MERIT

Brig. Gen. De Witt Peck, Clayton, N. Y.; Maj. George A. Sarles, Mount Kisco, N. Y.; Lt. Col. Thomas G. Ennis, New York, N. Y.; Lt. Col. Samuel G. Taxis, Newport, R. I.

SILVER STAR

Lt. Col. Julian P. Brown, Belmont, Mass. (Gold Star); Lt. Col. Robert G. Hunt, Rolla, Mo.; Maj. Robert A. Black, Steelton, Pa.; Maj. William A. Kengla, Washington, D. C.; Maj. Wood B. Kyle, Whitney, Tex.; 2nd Lt. Ralph C. Frey, Jr., Euclid, Ohio; 2nd Lt. William L. Woodruff, San Diego, Calif.; 1st Sgt. Wilbur C. Conley, Prairie City, Iowa; 1st Sgt. Jerome J. Stark, Flint, Mich.; Sgt. Alexander R. Marotta, Somerville, Mass.; Sgt. Vito L. Murgolo, White Plains, N. Y.; Corp. John J. Connors, Somerville, Mass.; Corp. Kenneth W. Clark, Whitewater, Wis.; PFC Nolen M. Garrett, Hobbs, N. Mex.; PFC Barney D. Ross, Chicago, Ill.; Pvt. William E. Black, Carthage, Mo.; Pvt. Myron L. Guarnett, Brinkley, Ark.; Pvt. Hurshall W. Hooker, Tomball, Tex. (Gold Star).

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

Maj. Michael Sampas, Lowell,



CLARK

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mass.; Capt. Otis V. Calhoun, Jr., Selma, Ala.; Capt. Robert B. Fraser, Geneseo, N. Y.; Capt. Herman Hansen, Jr., Kansas City, Mo. (Gold Star); Capt. Kenneth J. Kirk, Jr., Barre, Vt.; Capt. Nathan T. Post, Jr., Berkeley, Calif.; 1st Lt. Alexander R. Berry, Chicago, Ill.; 1st Lt. William W. Dean, Hopkins, Minn.; 1st Lt. Wayne W. Laird, Merced, Calif.; 1st Lt. Glen A. Loban, Ojai, Calif.; 1st Lt. Bruce C. Pelt, Baltimore, Md.; 1st Lt. Austin Wiggins, Jr., Amherst, Tex.; 2nd Lt. Robert R. Finch, Coral, Mich.; 2nd Lt. Howard G. Fitzpatrick, Brooklyn, N. Y.; 2nd Lt. Samuel B. Folsom, Jr., Peabody, Mass.; 2nd Lt. Arthur O. Hellerude, Ashland, Wis.; 2nd Lt. George B. Herlihy, Tucson, Ariz.; 2nd Lt. William H. Hronek, Jr., Snoqualmie Falls, Wash.; 2nd Lt. Russell L. Janson, Chicago, Ill.; 2nd Lt. Robert E. Kelly, Dallas, Tex.; 2nd Lt. Charles E. Kollmann, Hubbard, Ohio; 2nd Lt. John B. Maas, Jr., Grosse Pointe, Mich.; 2nd Lt. Ellis E. Matheson, Fairmount, N. Dak.; 2nd Lt. Edgar P. McBryde, Jr., Little Rock, Ark.; 2nd Lt. John H. McEniry, Jr., Bessemer, Ala.; 2nd Lt. Arthur N. Nehf, Jr., Phoenix, Ariz.; 2nd Lt. Herbert A. Peters, Seattle, Wash.; 2nd Lt. Roy M. A. Ruddell, New Castle, Ind.; 2nd Lt. John Skinner, Jr., Pilot Knob, N. Y.; 2nd Lt. Jacob A. O. Stub, Jr., Minneapolis, Minn.; TSgt. Abraham M. Daniels, Caribou, Me.



MAROTTA

NAVY AND MARINE CORPS MEDAL

Sgt. John L. Zborill, Morgantown, W. Va.

AIR MEDAL

Maj. Andrew B. Galatian, Jr., Beachwood, N. J.; Capt. Hoyle R. Barr, Paris, Tex.; Capt. Richard L. Blain, Miami, Fla.; Capt. William R. Campbell, Denver, Colo.; Capt. Frank E. Hollar, Minneapolis, Minn.; Capt. Warren G. Mollenkamp, Lexington, Mo.; Capt. Roy T. Spurlock, Washington, D. C.; Capt. Charles P. Weiland, Ashton, S. Dak.; 1st Lt. Carl D. Brorein, Jr., Tampa, Fla.; 1st Lt. Eystein J. Nelson, Poulsbo, Wash.; 1st Lt. Donald H. Russell, Lafayette, Ind.; 1st Lt. John E. Sperzel, Minneapolis, Minn.; 1st Lt. Dayton A. Swickard, Indianapolis, Ind.; 2nd Lt. Horace C. Baum, Jr., Sacramento, Calif.; 2nd Lt. Cruger L. Bright, Solomon, Kans.; 2nd Lt. Felix S. Cecot, Massena, N. Y.; 2nd Lt. Robert R. Finch, Coral, Mich.; 2nd Lt. Donald L. Herrick, Miles City, Mont.; 2nd Lt. Andrew Jackson, Richmond, Va.; 2nd Lt. Archie D. Simpson, Round Hill, Va.; Mar. Gun. Edward L. Zielinski, Milwaukee, Wis.; MTSgt. Kenneth L. Gordon, Mishawaka, Ind.; TSgt. Edward J. Wallof, Dallas, Tex.; Corp. Joseph O. Blotnick, Wilkinsburg, Pa.



SURE, you like Pin Ups!

*You'll get 2 in
four colors, monthly*
beginning with
the MARCH Leatherneck

RHAPSODY IN GREENS



The chant of feminine drill instructors in Area Number One at Camp Lejeune is being flavored with rhythm of another nature—music of the new Women's Reserve Band.

Planned to be an organization of 43 women, the band has been formed by three experienced men from the Marine Band at Washington, D. C., Principal Musician Andrew Bodner and Musicians First Class Edward Masters and Charles Owens.

Rehearsal schedules are tough, beginning at 0800 in the library of the recreation hall and extending through the day until late in the afternoon when the WR's adjourn to the old football field behind the rec hall for marching practice.

As this is written the band has played only for battalion reviews on Fridays and Saturdays, but later expects to meet trains, play for departing groups, reviews and Camp Lejeune dances.



The brass section, a vital part of any band, snaps in under the expert guidance of Musician First Class Edward Masters.

AT CAMP LEJEUNE THE WR'S HAVE SAX, WOODWIND AND DRUM. TRULY EVERYTHING IT TAKES TO MAKE UP A MILITARY BAND



Boat hearts swell with pride as they march by while the band practices for battalion review.



In uniform or not, the band keeps step when practice marching on the old football field.

River band jam session is for recreation only.



Bandswomen do reading and bang LEATHERNECK photog's ears during rest period in their library practice room.



Unable to go to far-off mess hall for lunch, boots grab an "ice cream and candy bar" snack at the post exchange.

Pvt. Charlotte Plummer of Eugene, Oregon, wields the baton over the woodwind section as she tries out for drum major.



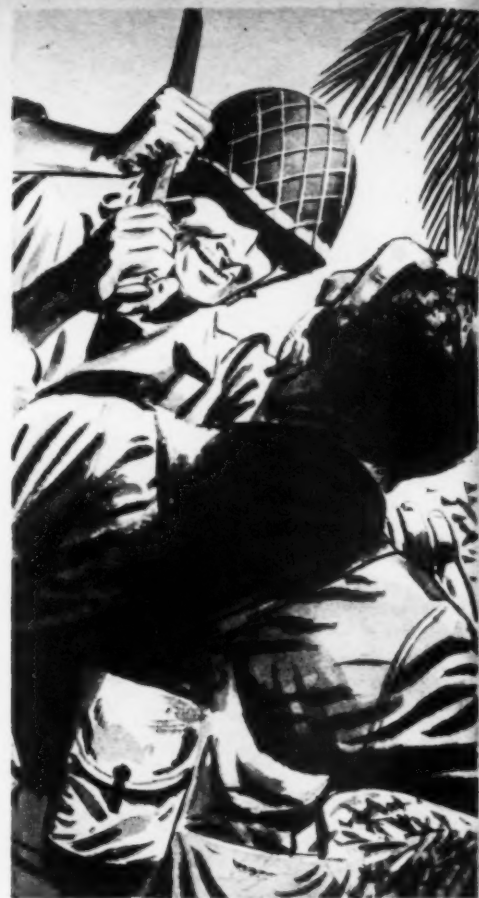
Marine Bandsman Owens reads music with a serious boot as the drum section finds playing rat-a-tat-tat in Marine style is not a cinch

21

71

Hurshall Hooker ★

toll, eight Japs



1 Pvt. Hurshall W. Hooker, USMC, Tomball, Tex., received two Silver Stars for "conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action" on Guadalcanal during October and November, 1942. A member of the 2nd Marines, Hooker saw a upraised bayonet in the hand of a Jap, posed for a downward thrust into the body of a Marine.

2 Despite a deadly sniper nearby, he sprang for the bayonet, wrenched the weapon free and threw the enemy to the ground.



3 With the bayonet, which he still clutched painfully by the blade, Private Hooker dealt the Jap a powerful blow in the face, momentarily stunning him until he could get a nearby rifle to finish the first one.



4 After killing the first Jap, Hooker, with all five fingers badly cut at the joint, shot the other Jap sniper. To win the second Silver Star, Hooker got five Japs by repeatedly loading his rifle and then stepping out into the open to fire at the targets. Another time, he rushed a small shack and, holding a hand grenade for four seconds after the striker fell before throwing it, killed two more Japs.

End

★ ★

Pinning "beads" on ENEMY PIN-POINTS!

CADETS
LEARN AIR
GUNNERY
in AMAZING
PHANTOM
THEATRE



THAT'S A
MOTION PICTURE
OF AN ATTACK BY
REAL ENEMY
PLANES

GOSH, THEY
STREAK LIKE
SHOOTING
STARS



FIVE PROJECTORS THROW
THE PICTURES. THE
GUNNERS 'SHOOT' THE
PLANES WITH ELECTRIC
INDICATORS

OH, YES...THE
FREE GUNNERS
ABOVE AND THE TURRET
MEN
BELOW

HOW
CAN THEY
TELL HITS?



HITS REGISTER ON THIS
CONTROL PANEL.
ALSO THE GUNNER GETS
A SIGNAL THROUGH
HIS EAR-PHONES

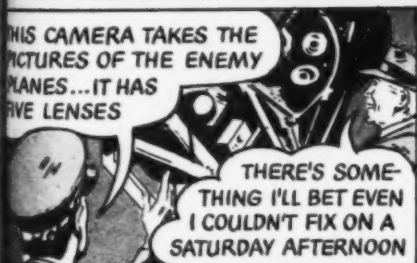


NOW HERE'S
SOMETHING THAT'S
REALLY COMPLEX—
IT'S THE PROJECTION
OUTFIT FOR THE
FIVE DIFFERENT
FILMS

LET ME OUT ON
THIS ONE, TOO
—IT LOOKS
LIKE AN EX-
PLOSION IN A
TELEPHONE
EXCHANGE



THIS CAMERA TAKES THE
PICTURES OF THE ENEMY
PLANES...IT HAS
FIVE LENSES



THERE'S SOME-
THING I'LL BET EVEN
I COULDN'T FIX ON A
SATURDAY AFTERNOON

WELL, THANK
GOODNESS, IT'S STILL
SIMPLE TO GET A
RICH-TASTING SMOKE
THAT'S MILD AND
MELLOW. I'M MIGHTY
GRATEFUL FOR
PRINCE ALBERT

SO AM I—MILD,
TASTY P.A. ROLLS
FIRM, NEAT
'MAKIN'S' SMOKES.
YOU CAN'T BEAT
THAT CRIMP CUT



PRINCE ALBERT
GIVES THE GO-BY
TO TONGUE-BITE;
RICH TASTE
COMES THROUGH MILD.
ROLLS SPEEDY,
TOO—NO SPILLS—
TRIM, FIRM



70

fine roll-your-own ciga-
rettes in every handy pocket
package of Prince Albert

50

pipefuls of fragrant tobac-
co in every handy pocket
package of Prince Albert

**PRINCE
ALBERT**

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Hurshall Hooker ★

toll, eight Japs

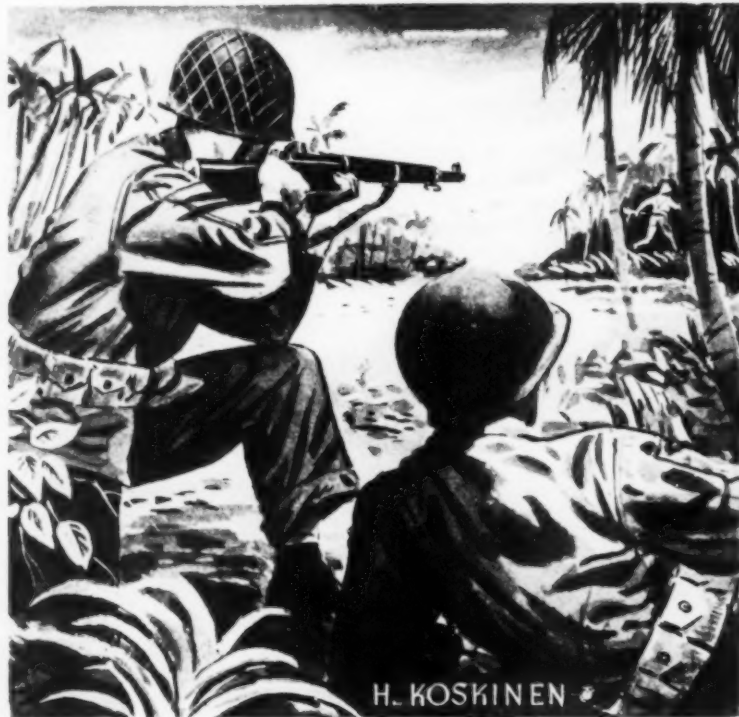


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H. KOSKINEN ★

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End

★ ★

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LEARN AIR
GUNNERY
in AMAZING
PHANTOM
THEATRE**



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OF AN ATTACK BY
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SHOOTING
STARS



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ALSO THE GUNNER GETS
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HIS EAR-PHONES



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SIMPLE TO GET A
RICH-TASTING SMOKE
THAT'S **MILD AND**
MELLOW. I'M MIGHTY
GRATEFUL FOR
PRINCE ALBERT



SO AM I — **MILD,**
TASTY P.A. ROLLS
FIRM, NEAT
'MAKIN'S' SMOKES.
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THAT **CRIMP CUT**



PRINCE ALBERT
GIVES THE GO-BY
TO TONGUE-BITE;
RICH TASTE
COMES THROUGH **MILD**.
ROLLS **SPEEDY,**
TOO—NO SPILLS—
TRIM, FIRM



70

fine roll-your-own ciga-
rettes in every handy pocket
package of Prince Albert

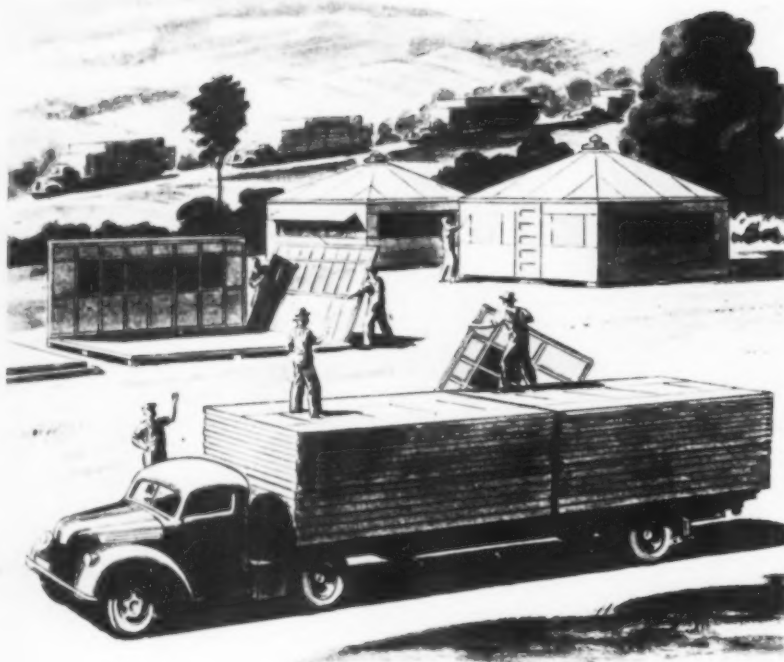
50

pipefuls of fragrant tobac-
co in every handy pocket
package of Prince Albert

**PRINCE
ALBERT**

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

ENGINEERING AND PERSONNEL OFFICERS!



Here's how to solve that HOUSING PROBLEM of yours!

You can effect actual, proven, dollar-saving economy by housing your men in the Victory Hut—produced exclusively by the Texas Pre-Fabricated House and Tent Co.

What's more, Victory Huts have demonstrated that they are satisfactory in all climates just as they have shown that they save \$30 to \$50 per man housed.

And—you don't have to wait!

You get *speed* in filling your order, *speed* in shipment to you and *speed* in getting them into use (as little as six man-hours to erect a Hut). Your men get Air-Space insulation, insect-resistant design, and well-lighted, weather-tight construction.

Write, 'phone or wire today for description and prices of Victory Huts. Just mention number of personnel to be housed by you.

TEXAS PRE-FABRICATED HOUSE & TENT CO.

Dallas, Texas

Shoreham Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MAKERS OF "VICTORY" HUTS AND "VICTORY" HOMES



POSTAL ART

Corporal Robert J. Donovan likes to draw. Since not too many art supplies were available in the combat areas where he served, Donovan put his sketches on covers of letters sent to his parents in Buffalo, New York, his girl friend and kid brother. Below are reproduced some samples of work that has delighted mail men from New York to the South Pacific.



LIGHT
STAN
AND
DE LA
POLL
METO
Hori
WHEE
BROW
ENGL
Lind
KELL
Oce
LEFO
Sant
MOOE
Sacr
PETER
Red
PRIET
SLIV
Los
TOWN
Lind
ZIMM
Ingle
DENN
McEV
OLSON
FANC
Staff
ROY, I
D
CARR
Wash
LUCAS
Jack
ANDR
Jack
AUGU
BARR
BREW
Carb
BUETT
Chic
CAME
DRAK
Wilm
EHIER
GRAY
HARR
HAYS
HEND
Chic
LEWA
Chic
MARK
O'REG
Chic
RODG
Aubi
RUSSE
SCHNE
Wilm
SULLI
Chic
ANDR
India
HOUS
WILL
WISEM
Ecke
LINT,
RICE,
GILES
Waco
PHILL
Chan
BIBEE
FARR
Louis
HEFFN
KESSL
SMITH
RICHAR
New
WALD
New
FARR
ANDER
Balti
BALL
Balti
COOK
Hage
TOMBI
India
UPDE
Balti
DAVID
Bosto
GEAG
Sprin
GRILL
Falm
KEEN,
East
LONG
Bosto
SARGE
WAITE
Brook
ZABRI
New

Casualties

Nov. 15, 1943 to Dec. 15, 1943

DEAD

ALABAMA

LIGHT, Coy W., PFC, Crossville
STANLEY, Leon A., Jr., 1st Lt.,
Anniston

ARIZONA

DE LANEY, Don K., Pvt., Phoenix
POLLARD, Harry S., MTSgt., Ajo
ARKANSAS

ARKANSAS

METCALF, Henry B., Pl.Sgt.,
Horatio
WHEELER, James E., Corp., Beebe
CALIFORNIA

BROWN, Robert K., Pvt., Oakland
ENGLISH, Evan F., Corp.,
Linda Vista, San Diego
KELLY, Thomas A., Corp.,
Oceanside

LEFOR, Mathias J., Pvt.,
Santa Rosa
MOORE, Clyde K., Corp.,
Sacramento
PETERSEN, Lloyd E., PFC,
Redwood City

PRIETO, Isabel V., PFC, Santa Paula
SLIVKOFF, John G., PFC,
Los Angeles
TOWNSEND, Robert L., Corp.,
Linda Vista, San Diego
ZIMMERMAN, Louis F., 2nd Lt.,
Inglewood

COLORADO

DENNIS, Walter H., Sgt., Denver
CONNECTICUT

McEVoy, Eugene C., Sgt., Derby
OLSON, Robert F., Pvt., Collinsville
PANCIERA, Joseph J., Pvt.,
Stafford Springs
ROY, Raymond R., PFC, New Britain
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

CARRICK, James P., PFC,
Washington
FLORIDA

LUCAS, William F., Capt.,
Jacksonville
ILLINOIS

ANDREWS, Alfred C., PFC,
Jacksonville
AUGUSTINE, Frank, PFC, Belleville
BARBIC, Bernard R., Pvt., Joliet
BREWER, Bobby E., PFC,
Carbondale
BUETTGEN, Herbert C., PFC,
Chicago

CAMERON, Joseph, WO, Chicago
DRAKE, Stafford W., 1st Lt.,
Wilmette
EHERS, Richard W., Pvt., Pekin
GRAY, Ralph F., Pvt., Danville
HARRIS, Louis P., 1st Lt., Chicago
HAYS, George L., Capt., Chicago
HENDERICK, Joseph G., Sgt.,
Chicago

LEWANDOWSKI, Ernest J., Pvt.,
Chicago
MARKO, Robert W., PFC, Chicago
O'REGAN, James J., Jr., PFC,
Chicago
RODGERS, William A., Jr., Pvt.,
Auburn

RUSSELL, Charles F., 1st Lt., Pana
SCHNELL, Edward J., Corp.,
Wilmette
SULLIVAN, Robert S., 1st Lt.,
Chicago

INDIANA

ANDREWS, Kenneth, PFC,
Indianapolis
HOUSEMAN, Harry L., PFC, Marion
WILL, Elmer L., Jr., Sgt., Gary
WISEMAN, Emmett P., Corp.,
Eckerty

IOWA

LINT, Richard L., PFC, Shellsburg
KANSAS

RICE, Merle G., FM, Des Moines
GILES, Doyle B., PFC,
Waconda Springs
PHILLIPS, Robert G., 1st Lt.,
Chanute

KENTUCKY

BIBEE, Leonard E., Pvt., Allensville
FARRELL, Edmond G., 1st Lt.,
Louisville
HEFFNER, Robert E., PFC, Ludlow
KESSLER, Maxie E., Sgt., Louisville
SMITH, Warren G., Pvt., Verne
LOUISIANA

RICHARD, Ernest J., Sgt.,
New Orleans
WALDMAN, Aaron J., Pvt.,
New Orleans

MAINE

FARRELL, James E., PFC, Portland
MARYLAND

ANDERSON, James L., Pvt.,
Baltimore
BALLMAN, Gilbert F., PFC,
Baltimore
COOKMAN, Donald M., 1st Lt.,
Hagerstown
TOMBERLIN, Carl H., Pl.Sgt.,
Indian Head
UPDEGRAFF, Harry C., PFC,
Baltimore

MASSACHUSETTS

DAVIDSON, Robert B., 1st Lt.,
Boston
GEAGAN, Mortimer P., PFC,
Springfield
GRILL, George W., Jr., 1st Lt.,
Falmouth
KEEN, George H., 1st Lt.,
East Boston, Boston
LONGFELLOW, Paul A., 2nd Lt.,
Boston

SARGENT, Ronald E., PFC, Gardner
WAITE, Allan G., Jr., 1st Lt.,
Brookline
ZABRISKIE, Howard J., PFC,
Newburyport

MICHIGAN

DAVIS, Leon E., Pvt., Bay City
GOBEY, Albert R., PFC,
Port Huron
O'NEIL, Milton E., Jr., PFC,
Royal Oak
PROVOST, William, Jr., PFC,
Pontiac

REJA, Tony A., PFC, South Haven
WALKER, Gordon K., Pvt., Flint
MINNESOTA

GRUIDL, Leo F., PFC, Minneapolis
JANKOWSKI, George J., PFC,
Minneapolis
KAFUT, Walter, PFC, Hibbing
STINE, Frank R., PFC, Carlton
MISSOURI

HALBROOK, Elmer L., Corp.,
St. Louis
KOSMA, Chris, PFC, St. Louis
LEE, Fred, Jr., PFC, Louisiana
MAXWELL, Richard E., PFC,
Trenton

MISSISSIPPI

BELL, Marvin W., Sgt., Ethel
NEBRASKA

MARCUCCIO, Louis M., PFC, Omaha
ORMOND, Edward M., Pvt., Omaha
NEW HAMPSHIRE

CLARK, Paul E., PFC, Gorham
FALLEN, Frederick M., Pvt.,
North Conway
WRIGHT, Stanley P., 1st Lt.,
Hanover

NEW JERSEY

BOND, David L., Sgt., Woodbury
HERRON, Robert A., 1st Lt.,
Harrington Park
JOHNSTON, Samuel M., 1st Lt.,
Paterson
KONDOR, Frank, Pvt., Trenton
SCHNEIDER, Milton E., 1st Lt.,
Belmar

NEW MEXICO

MONTOYA, Lucas, Pvt., Los Alamos
RIGEL, James E., Pvt., Santa Rita
TSOSIE, Alfred, Pvt., Shiprock
NEW YORK

BERRY, Robert A., Corp., Albany
ERNEST, George E., Pvt., Elmira
GANDY, William C., PFC,
Binghamton
GIANQUITTO, Michael, Pvt.,
Albany

HUNT, Edward, PFC, Johnsonville
MARCHESE, Louis, PFC, New York
MCGEE, Frank E., PFC, Harrison
McMAHON, Oliver K., 2nd Lt.,
Rockville Centre
MURPHY, John J., PFC, Albany
NEWMAN, Alfred T., PFC, Brooklyn
PHILLIPS, George T., PFC,
Oriskany

RADENKO, William, Pvt.,
Astoria, Long Island
ROMERO, Teofilo, PFC, New York
SCANLON, Raymond T., PFC,
Woodhaven

NORTH CAROLINA

ASBY, Aubrey, Corp., Plymouth
FOY, Jack R., Corp., Asheville
HORNOR, John D., PFC, Shelby
MARTIN, Carl O., PFC, Goldsboro
OHIO

FISSEL, Glenn E., Maj., Columbus
GANIERE, Thomas J., Pvt.,
Cleveland
GERGEL, Paul, Pvt., Youngstown
LEAVER, Jack F., Pvt.,
Cuyahoga Falls
McCOMBE, William C., PFC,
Garfield

PATRICK, Frank, PFC,
Youngstown
PHAIEN, James R., ChCk, Lima
SUCHY, Russell J., Pvt., Cleveland
URDIALES, Benny, PFC, Akron
WIECZOREK, Casimir S., PlSgt,
Cleveland

OKLAHOMA

McCRAY, Raymond H., Pvt.,
Waynoka
OREGON

GALLAHER, Winston C., Corp.,
The Dalles
HARBERT, Gerald D., PFC, Eugene
JOHNSON, Donald W., Corp.,
Portland
RINGLAND, David A., PFC, Salem
PENNSYLVANIA

ANDERSON, John M., PFC,
Pittsburgh
BARTO, Steve, 1st Lt., Kent
BOTSKO, Martin, Pvt., Van Voorhis
DAVIS, Chancy F., Pvt., Barnesboro
GEO, Douglas W., Corp.,
Philadelphia

JORDAN, John R., Capt., Easton
LOHRMAN, Charles J., PFC,
Chester
MADDEN, James P., PFC, Pittsburgh
McCAFFERY, Joseph P., Lt. Col.,
Chester
PUGLIANO, Antonio G., PFC,
Pittsburgh
RUBUS, Peter E., Jr., PFC,
Leechburg
SCHLOTTERER, Richard J., Sgt.,
Norristown

STINSON, Robert W. S., Sgt., Wayne
YOUNG, Donald E., Corp.,
Allentown
SOUTH CAROLINA

OWENS, Robert A., Sgt., Arcadia
TENNESSEE

DAILEY, Harold W., PFC,
Copperhill
DAVIS, Jack B., PFC, Liberty
HUDSON, George A., Jr., PFC,
Nashville

JAMES, Newton T., 2nd Lt.,
Knoxville
JOINES, Henry B., PFC, Nashville
SNEED, Charles C., GySgt., Milton
TEXAS

BIGGS, Kempe, PFC, Alice
BURTON, Jack D., Sgt., San Antonio
DAVID, Louis L., Jr., PFC,
Hebbronville
FRITZ, Clifford L., Sgt., Dallas
GAY, William M., 1st Lt.,
Wichita Falls
HATT, Walter D., 2nd Lt.,
Gladewater

LEMLY, Foster L., II, 1st Lt., Dallas
McBRIDE, Marvin N., Sgt., Pelly
MOSS, Arthur W., PFC, Tyler
PESEK, Edwin A., PFC, Granger
STADTLANDER, James A., GySgt.,
Corpus Christi
THIBODAUX, Leinard P., Pvt., Pelly
TICE, Alfred V., MTSgt., Waco
UTAH

PUTNAM, William L., PFC,
Salt Lake City
VERMONT

PAQUETTE, Ralph H., PFC,
Burlington
VIRGINIA

CLAUDE, David K., Lt. Col., Orange
LEYDEN, John R., GySgt.,
Arlington
MARSHALL, John L., PFC,
Newport News
WASHINGTON

HALL, William W., Fick, Tacoma
SILER, Joseph B., Jr., Pvt., Mineral
WEST VIRGINIA

THOMAS, Herbert J., Sgt.,
South Charleston
WISCONSIN

BEHNISCH, Lester C., PFC,
Cedarburg
BRUNNER, Lyle C., Corp.,
Abbotsford
GOAD, Richard J., 2nd Lt.,
Green Bay
McCABE, Walter J., Corp.,
Janesville
WYOMING

MORELL, William R., Pvt.,
Cheyenne
MISSING

MISSING

ALABAMA

HERITAGE, Roy L., PFC,
Birmingham
ARIZONA

BLACK, Billy M., PFC, Tiger
CALIFORNIA

CARTER, Robert V., 1st Lt.,
San Diego
CHANDLER, Elmer W., Pvt.,
Oceanside
NEWPORT, Robert A., PFC,
Chula Vista
SHARDLOW, William S., Pvt.,
Los Angeles
SAFE-MOORE, William D., Capt.,
Los Angeles
COLORADO

ANDERSON, Norman I., Pvt.,
Greeley
CONNECTICUT

BAILEY, William U., PFC,
Southington
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

HATFIELD, Robert V., 1st Lt.,
Washington
GEORGIA

DAVIS, Joe M., Corp., Valdosta
ILLINOIS

GROVER, Lyman H., 1st Lt.,
St. Charles
KIDA, Steve A., Pvt., Kewanee
O'REGAN, James J., Jr., PFC,
Chicago
REED, Thad D., 1st Lt., Chicago
IOWA

KIRK, Byron A., 1st Lt.,
Cedar Rapids



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ARE FIRST CHOICE!

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(any make) by using
EXTRA-LENGTH
RONSON*REDSKIN*FLINTS—the distinctive
"REDSKIN" coating is your guarantee of high-
quality, extra-length, tempered hardness, show-
ers of sure-fire sparks, freedom from powdering
and other deterioration. Also use RONSON
WICKS—draw freely, burn evenly and last longer
and RONSONOL (FUEL)—ignites instantly,
burns cleanly and if spilled, won't mar the finish
of your lighter.

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some other make, use and
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FOR ALL LIGHTERS

RONSON "FIVE FLINTER"
Contains five extra-
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RONSON*REDSKIN
flints in convenient
carrying package to
prevent loss.

RONSONOL LIGHTER FUEL
High quality, clean-
burning, pleasantly
scented. Four fluid
ounces in sturdy bottle.

RONSON*REDSKIN*FLINTS
Extra length "flints" in
glass vials especially for
men going abroad. Vials
of 40, 100 or 200 "flints"!

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HOSE CLAMPS

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DEPT. 3L, N. Y., N. Y.

NAUSEA



If you suffer discomfort from morning nausea, or when traveling by air, sea or on land—try

Mothersills

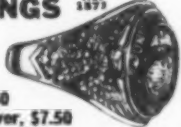
Used for over a third of a century as a valuable aid in preventing and relieving all forms of nausea. A trial will prove its effectiveness and reliability. At druggists.

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Beautifully finished.
Heavy weight.

Solid 10K Gold, \$16.50
Sterling Silver, \$7.50



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Solid 10K Gold, \$11.00

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Frames Made of Strong Canvas, Hand Sewn Sweat

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Strong Black Leather Sols..... \$1.75 Each

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SINCE 1918

A. M. BOLOGNESE

TAILOR and HABERDASHER

QUANTICO, VA.



Gyrene Gyngles

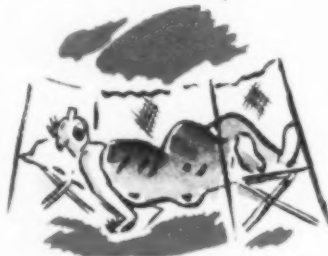
ELEGANTLY WRITTEN— GUESS WHERE?

Of seven-eighty-two
In the Quartermaster's yield,
I like what's called on Q. M.
chits

"One cot, canvas, field."

Now, one mosquito net.
To this they'll have to add,
To make my "Haven of Rest"
complete,
Two blankets and one pad.

Far cry from mine at home,
For sheets and springs I lack.
But, still, I call this rugged
thing
My own, my blessed, sack.



Life span and travels pond-
ered.

I think I'll always thrill
To doing the exercise that's
known
As horizontal drill.

Sure, East Coast duty's good,
And likewise on the West
Still, here's a claim I'll always
make:

Sack duty is the best!

PFC Donald F. Herrmann,
USMC.

In the South Pacific.

"REVENGE"

When without a provocation,
They've sneaked in and
knocked you kickin',
When you've felt your belly
sicken,
As your pals went down
around you;
No reward, or consolation
satisfies . . .

You want revenge!

If you've had your outfit
crumble,
If you've heard their bombers
rumble,
And you've seen a buddy
stumble
With Jap bullets in his middle
It's not a cozy billet that your
wantin'

It's revenge!

When at last there's no more
thunder,
But your ship's been put down
under,
With her 'structure blown
asunder
Then you stand, and look, and
wonder;
How damn soon you'll get to
even up the score . . .

And get revenge!

Now in plain expostulation,
I don't want a damn vacation,
And it's not prevarication
When I say I'm sick of waitin'
And of sittin' on my fanny in
this place . . .

I want revenge!

First Lieut. John M. Baker.

SEMPER FIDELIS

It's more than a motto,
This heart-stirring creed.
It's the code of your heroes
Who for your sake bleed.

It's more than a phrase
On a banner flying high,
In bright gold emblazoned
Against the blue sky.

It's a true living symbol
Of the spirit behind
The U. S. Marines
And all of our kind.

It's a promise, a pledge
That we ever will fight
To keep the bright torch
Of our freedom all right.

Corp. John V. Bosse.

M. B., Terminal Island, Calif.



GUADALCANAL CEMETERY

The beach lies grim and silent
now

The scattered sand is still
The night wind breathes a
mournful sigh

The echoes o'er the hill
And here the shadows
lengthen

Near the rows of shallow
mounds

Where wooden cross and palm
leaf

Rose o'er the hallowed
grounds

Here beneath the blood-
drenched sand

Our comrades vigil keep
May heaven bless this sacred
spot

Let none disturb their sleep.

Pvt. Francis J. McCarthy.

M. D., Camp May, N. J.

MEN OF WAKE

"... by the bright waters, in
honorable battle."

Men betrayed, of that island a
myth and a wonder;

Of a lonely beach, answering
thunder with thunder

Under the swooping planes,
facing the roar from sea . . .

Men outnumbered, afar, who
fell for the free.

Men of the Corps who warred
till the end and thereafter
With wide-open Hell, battling
with curses and laughter;
Those with a victory earned
that was not to be,
Watching the hordes of the
foe wade in from sea . . .



Those with five guns, four
planes, who blasted wholly
Ships of the foe, while sands
in the glass ran slowly,
As from valor's heart the vivid
lifeblood runs . . .

Men echoing orders, serving
and firing the guns.

Men who met death from the
sky, and fire and slaughter,
With steady hand and eye, by
the bright water . . .

Theirs the unwithering wreath
beyond our giving,
Theirs the light beyond death
—the eternal debt of the
living!

—William Rose Benet.

Cold Care

Theme of this piece is "Don't be a sucker for a cold". Nobody wants a sore throat or stuffy nose, least of all a Marine. But a lot of guys get them and, if they fail to take care, find themselves in sick bay with flu or pneumonia. In the first place you can generally avoid a cold by observing a few simple DONT'S such as not getting overtired or not making contact with a cold-bearing person. But if you get a cold, DO go to sick bay and follow directions.



DO report to sick bay for a "spray job" when you feel a cold coming on. Follow hospital corpsman's directions.

DON'T let blockheads like this get within a mile of you. Stay away from crowds and cover your face when you cough or sneeze.

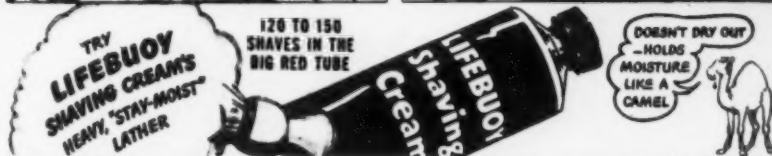
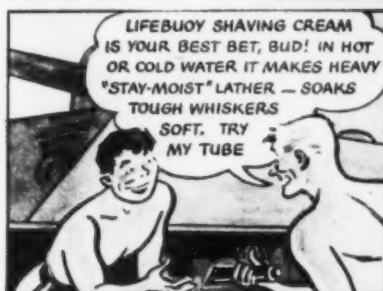


DON'T allow your body to become cold after sweating. Use enough clothing and stay out of drafty winds. Get plenty of sack time, with the windows open.



DO drink plenty of water, milk and fruit juices at all times. "Colds diet" should be composed of light foods.

EVERYTHING'S HOT BUT THE WATER!



IN THE
MARINE CORPS
IT'S

AMMEN'S POWDER

"THE HUMAN SKIN'S BEST FRIEND"



★ Note the AMMEN'S POWDER on the counter of this combat-zone Post Exchange in the South Pacific.
(Official U.S. Marine Corps Photo)

Relieves rashes, itching and other forms of irritation—makes abused feet forget what they've endured. That's why, wherever Uncle Sam's fighting marines go—from the blistering tropics to the biting Arctic—AMMEN'S POWDER goes along. For America's toughest fighting force has discovered that this long established powder is the "human skin's best friend"

under all conditions.

More than a skin comfort—an anti-septic skin health powder! AMMEN'S not only absorbs perspiration and soothes irritated tissues—it also provides positive, proved protection against bacterial growth.

AMMEN'S POWDER IS ON SALE AT POST EXCHANGES ALL OVER THE WORLD!

TRIPLE ACTION AMMEN'S POWDER



It's better because

- IT'S ABSORBENT
- ANALGESIC
- ANTISEPTIC

CHARLES AMMEN COMPANY LTD. ALEXANDRIA LOUISIANA U S A



THE FAVORITE SERVICE SHINE

Yes, GRIFFIN Polishes have been doing a brilliant job on service shoes and other leather equipment since 1890. That's why GRIFFIN outsells all other brands of shoe polish combined* in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard.

*Based upon the last five yearly sales surveys in Army Post Exchanges and Commissaries, Navy Ship's Stores and Coast Guard Canteens.



GRIFFIN LOTION CREAM GRIFFIN ABC WAX POLISH GRIFFIN ALLWITE for the Nurses

GRIFFIN ABC WAX POLISH

GRIFFIN

The Greatest Name in Shoe Polish



"That guy sure loves his stomach!"



PETTIJOHNS
WHOLE ROLLED
WHEAT CEREAL

Famous Aunt Jemima pancakes and wholesome Pettijohn's whole rolled wheat cereal are two swell-tasting breakfast standbys. They stick to a man's ribs!

Those tender, flavory Aunt Jemimas make reveille easier to take. And rich, delicious Pettijohn's with sugar and cream is as good for you as it is good to eat — what a cereal to start a hard day!

But the real proof that they're taste champs is this — When a Marine is on leave and free to choose any dish he wants — they still rate tops!

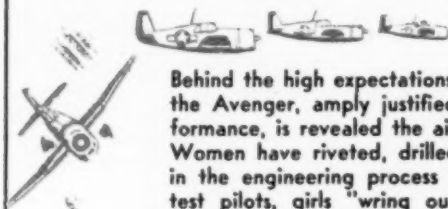
THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



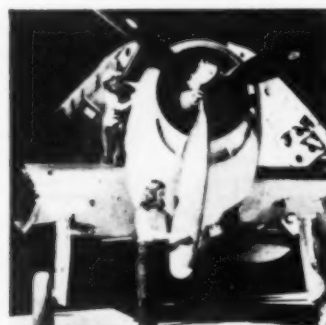
AUNT JEMIMA
READY-MIX
FOR PANCAKES



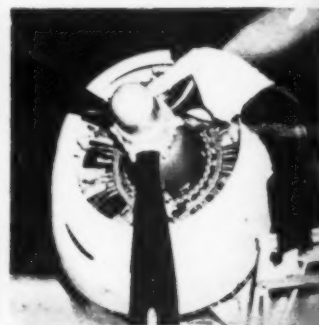
Lee Russell, Grumman worker, by the cockpit of a TBF



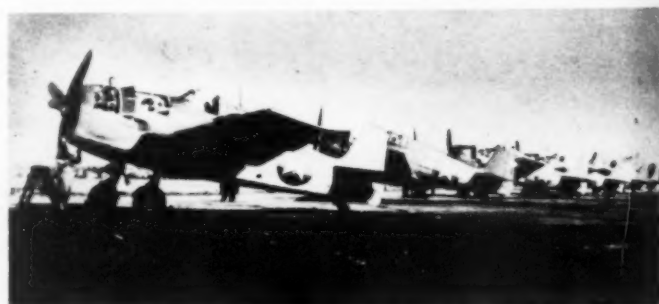
Behind the high expectations for the new Helcat and the Avenger, amply justified by their Solomons performance, is revealed the aid of women war workers. Women have riveted, drilled, inspected and painted in the engineering process of the assembly line. As test pilots, girls "wing out" these terrific fighters before the Marines get them for use against the Japs.



Marine greetings from Sally



Helcats get a gentle touch



Helcats fresh from assembly line wait last "wing out"
A girl test pilot waves from a Helcat before taking off





THE greatest airplane carrier force in naval history has been sent by the United States Navy against Japan's dwindling island empire, smashing at her air power and hunting down her evasive battle fleet. American Navy and Army fliers hold an over-all 4-to-1 ratio over the Japs. More and more flat tops are being turned out in a huge 500,000-ton carrier program to further increase the world's biggest navy.



A sailor relays orders to a big carrier's gun crews.

A carrier signal officer instructs a patrol fighter making a landing.



Pilots of fighter planes take time out after attack on Jap bases.



Navy Hellcat fighters aboard a carrier warm up preparatory to taking off flight deck in a search for the Japanese fleet.

End

"All he talks about is Mennen Skin Bracer."

Nothing too good for the boys!



Plain or
Menthol-iced

It's a Cream —
not a Grease!

For After-Shaving
Chapped Skin
Sunburn, Windburn
Hot, Tired Feet



Largest-Selling
Men's Talc

All-Purpose
Foot Powder



MENNEN

The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco

The Editor's Report

Tarawa

"THE brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. . ."

Somehow, in this month of Lincoln's birth, those words he spoke on the battlefield at Gettysburg a little more than 80 years ago, seem "altogether fitting and proper" in speaking of Tarawa.

For, on the indelible pages of American lore, the 76 bloody hours of the battle for that strategic coral speck far out in the Pacific, surely will be listed alongside Bunker Hill and Belleau Wood, and with Wake and Bataan as heroic examples for generations to come.

Accounts of Tarawa agree: The two battalions of assault troops assigned to establish the beach-heads ran smack into a veritable Hell. By all the logistics of war the Japs should have been blasted apart by the advance barrage. Yet, despite the fact that the enemy was still firmly entrenched, the assault troops clung grimly to the beaches. For fully half those 76 torturous hours they clung there—held three strips of sand none of which was more than 100 yards long and 70 feet wide, and traded blow for blow until the Jap wilted.

And to those who may say that it wasn't worth the cost, let it be remembered that the Jap knew the value of Tarawa. Not for nothing were more than 4000 Imperial Japanese Marines, pick of the enemy troops, stationed on that outpost! Not for nothing were the eight-inch siege guns captured at Singapore transported all the way to Tarawa!

Yes, the Jap knew that Tarawa was the bastion against defeat through the Central Pacific!

And so, as Lincoln said of the men who turned the tide at Gettysburg, let it be the reward of the Marines who gave us Tarawa—

"... It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave their last full measure of devotion. . ."



Happy Birthday

ON THE thirteenth day of this month, the Marine Corps Women's Reserve celebrate their first birthday. A good many Marines who never expected to be interested in the anniversary of one-year-olds will surely join with us in wishing the fair members of the Corps a traditional: Happy Birthday!

For, in the short space of a twelve-month, the Women Marines have grown to a strength of 13,000, and have undertaken with skill and efficiency no less than 125 different types of jobs at more than 50 posts and stations throughout the country. These duties run the gamut from parachute rigging, truck driving and operating Link trainers, to the more prosaic, but equally essential, assignments as clerks, stenographers and storekeepers.

The purpose of the Women's Reserve is succinctly stated in their recruiting slogan: Be a Marine—Free a Marine to fight!

That the Women's Reserve is doing the job it was created to do is attested by the variety of pursuits they have taken on in the short time since they were activated—work which otherwise would have to be performed by men. It is also attested—as Lieutenant Colonel Streeter, director of the Women's Reserve, puts it in a birthday article reviewing the WR's first year on page 45 of this issue—by the increasing frequency with which the call is coming from post commanders:

"Send us some Women Marines!"



BACK OF THE BOOK

KOSKINEN

As you've noticed from reading page two, the water color of General Vandegrift that appears on the cover is the work of staff artist PFC Harold Koskinen.

Harry also is responsible for the spread on Jap trickery, pages 10 and 11, and the true adventure strip that appears in each issue. Harry came to the LEATHERNECK from an engineer outfit at Camp Lejeune. Before joining the Marine Corps he was a commercial illustrator with studios in New York City.

Among Harry's prize possessions, in addition to his brushes, are a pair of Siamese cats which his wife is taking care of for the duration.



WILTON

You'll be seeing plenty of pictures of Marine activities in the West Coast area in future issues of the LEATHERNECK and chances are pretty good that among them will be those of Staff Photographer PFC Robert Wilton.

The pics on page 37 of this issue, illustrating the work of ground crews are from Wilton's camera, as are others elsewhere in the book.

The West Coast is Wilton's old stamping ground where he worked for PRO before coming to the LEATHERNECK. Before enlisting in the Marines, Bob toted a camera for the Daily Republic of Phoenix, Ariz.



LONGO

Staff Sergeant Al Longo has a knack for getting things done and his assignment as field representative in charge of LEATHERNECK circulation for the West Coast area should be good news for all of our subscribers who are stationed there. Al will see that they get their copies or know the reason why. Of course, he'll need your cooperation such as a prompt notice to us when you change address.

Circulation is just one of the many things that Al has worked on since joining the Marine Corps. In the days before Pearl Harbor he was a publicity man for Loews Theaters.



Picture Credits

- Sgt. J. Jolokal, p. 17.
- PFC J. Brak, pp. 55, 57, 60, 62, 65.
- PFC R. Ordek, pp. 18, 19, 20, 21, 78.
- PFC L. Lowery, pp. 70, 71.
- PFC R. Wilton, pp. 37, 38, 75.
- USMC, pp. 15, 16, 17, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 45, 48, 66.
- FBI, p. 33.



Have a Coca-Cola = As you were



...a way to relax on a battleship

Wherever a U. S. battleship may be, the American way of life goes along... in sports, humor, customs and refreshment. So, naturally, Coca-Cola is there, too, met with frequently at the ship's soda fountain. Have a "Coke" is a phrase as common aboard a battle-wagon as it is ashore. It's a signal that spells out "We're pals. From Atlanta to the Seven

Seas, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes*, — has become the symbol of happy comradeship.

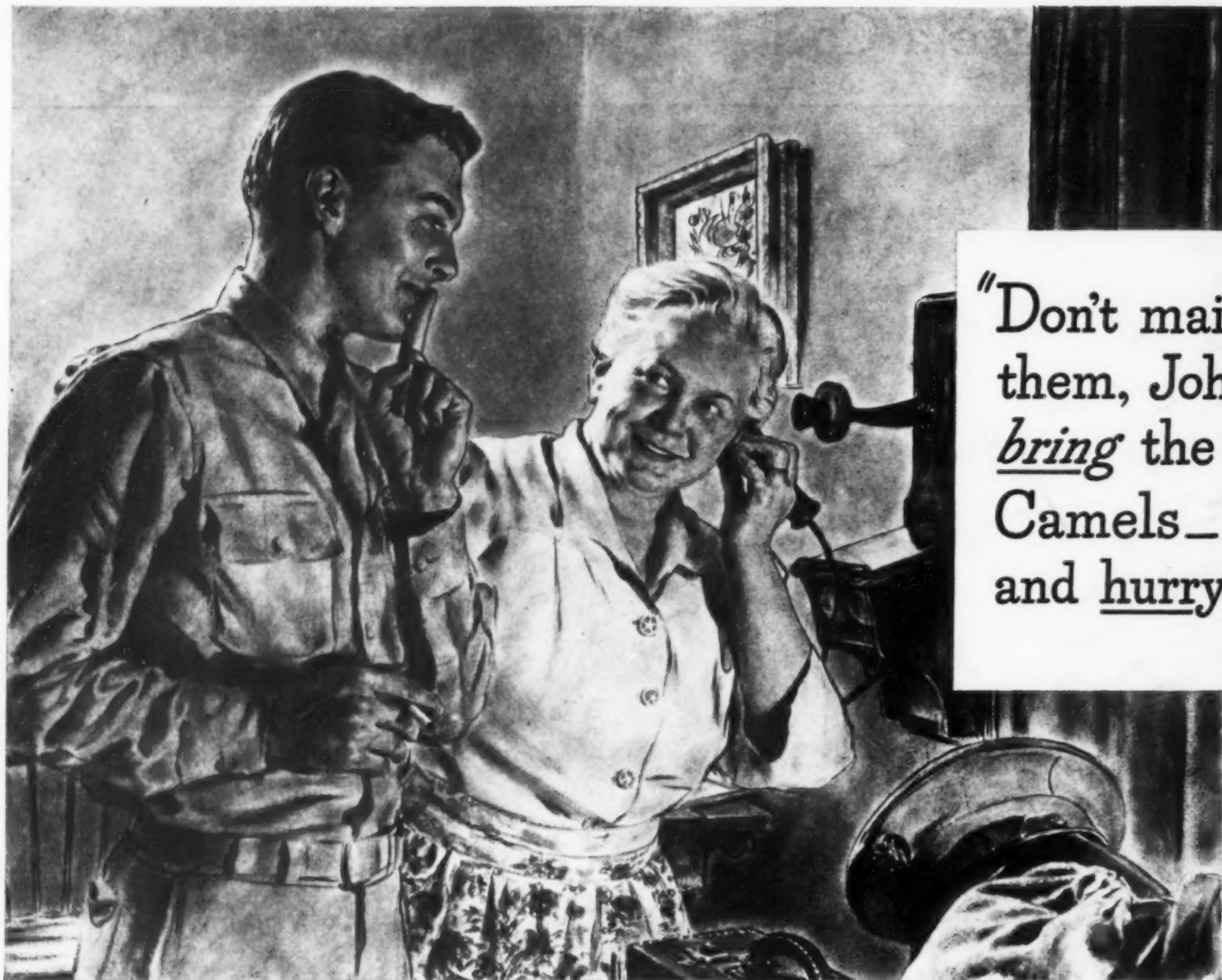
* * *

Since 1886 Coca-Cola has spread around the world. Its refreshing goodness is welcomed by people around the globe. Despite the fact that many bottling plants are cut off in enemy-occupied lands, Coca-Cola is still being bottled in over 35 allied and neutral nations. So our fighting men can still enjoy it many places overseas.

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".



COPYRIGHT 1944, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY



"Don't mail them, John bring the Camels— and hurry!"

"HOME ON FURLOUCH!"—what heart-warming words those are when you have a man in the service!

First in the Service... CAMELS

YES, Camels are the number one cigarette with men in the service—here at home and abroad. They are following our men on every ocean, to every continent.

And it's Camel's job to see that our soldiers, sailors, and marines *everywhere* get their cigarettes *fresh*—cool smoking and slow burning, the way they like 'em.

That's why Camels are packed to go round the world—packed to seal in that famous Camel flavor and extra mildness—anywhere, for months at a time.

The Camel pack keeps *your* Camels fresh and full-flavored, too—preserving for *you* the extra goodness of Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos.



**WHEREVER
HE IS...**

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)



